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EDITORIAL

CRIME ON THE BEATS

Transfixed by the dangerously volatile international situation, we tend to ignore domestic matters. Thus, little note was taken of a story in last week's *New York Times* which said out loud what many in the law-enforcement community have long known privately: "For years, illegal aliens and Mexican-Americans alike have told of shootings, beatings and rapes at the hands of the Border Patrol and its parent agency, the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Criminal charges by local prosecutors against the officers involved have been infrequent and have almost never been brought by the Department of Justice of which the Immigration Service is a part."

The U.S. Attorney in San Diego, whose jurisdiction encompasses the most violent segment of the border, explained that such cases are difficult to prosecute because most consist of an alien's word against that of Federal officers. But, he added, "Nobody's kidding nobody. We know this goes on."

Coincidentally, the same issue of the paper reported that Benjamin L. Hooks, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P., had announced a drive to establish civilian review boards in cities across the nation to monitor the police, because of "an upsurge of police killings of unarmed blacks and other members of minority groups." Gil Pompa, director of the Justice Department's Community Relations Service, conceded that police shootings "represent the most volatile and potentially divisive force in the nation today and it has the top priority with our service." The N.A.A.C.P. is also pushing for a national firearms policy under which police could use deadly weapons only to protect human lives; its Florida chapter characterized that state's "fleeing felon law" as "literally a license to shoot to kill."

But enough of this escapism. Back to stories of violence and terrorism abroad.

AFGHAN OVERREACTION
Fred Halliday

THE R&D SLUSH FUND
Christopher Paine and Gordon Adams

THE ANWAR & MENACHEM SHOW
Milton Viorst

CRAM COURSE FOR JUDGES
Gregory Staple

LITERARY GUIDEBOOKS
Earl Rovit

PINTER'S 'BETRAYAL'
Harold Clurman

MILK AND MONEY

THE ETHICS OF JOHN CONNALLY

MICHAEL McMENAMIN and WALTER McNAMARA

MIKE WALLACE: Why would you say, about Teddy Kennedy, "I never drowned anybody"?

JOHN CONNALLY: Mike, I get asked by a newsman, "Do you think that Chappaquiddick and the milk fund are identical?" Or words to that effect. And I said, "No." I—in—in effect, I said, no. In the—in the—in the milk-fund matter, I didn't—I didn't do anything. I didn't admit to anything. I denied that I had done anything wrong. And I—I did then, and I do now. There—obviously, whatever he did, Senator Kennedy did it. I said a person was drowned at Chappaqui—is that comparable to what the milk fund was? That's the—that's the context in which I answered that question, and that's the context in which I used it. I'm not going to talk about Chappaquiddick in this campaign.

—60 Minutes, *December 30, 1979*

What ethical standards should the public expect from Presidential candidates? Because of his own vulnerability rising out of his indictment in the milk-fund scandal, John Connally has made several not entirely disingenuous suggestions. One of them—whether anyone died as a consequence of your acts ("I never drowned anybody")—raises a standard that disqualifies Senator Kennedy, whom Connally originally regarded as his strongest potential Democratic opponent. Another—guilt proven beyond a reasonable doubt ("In the milk-fund matter, I didn't do anything")—sets up a hurdle that only Richard Nixon would have trouble clearing but enables Connally to say that a jury found him innocent

(Continued on Page 81)

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LETTERS.

GULF AND GANNON

Pittsburgh

I was disappointed to see in your October 13, 1979, issue that a journal of the quality of *The Nation* has been used to perpetuate what has obviously become Mr. James Gannon's personal vendetta against Gulf Oil Corporation ["A Visit From the Gulf Truth Squad"].

This article is essentially a rehash of one he published in your February 24, 1979, issue ["How Gulf Dealt Its Dealers Out"], which, in turn, was a rehash of the NBC-TV *Weekend* show he produced in December 1978. All of these reports, which Mr. Gannon describes as "investigative journalism," are based upon a series of lawsuits involving Gulf and a few of its former gasoline dealers in Southern California. These former dealers and certain employees have made allegations that are totally false, and have admittedly attempted to manipulate the news media to gain public support. Apparently, they have found a friend in Mr. Gannon.

We have repeatedly denied these allegations in the past, and we fully believe that our position will be vindicated through the judicial process. However—for the record—you and the readers of *The Nation* should be aware of the fact that Gulf has never terminated any dealer's lease without due cause or pressured a dealer to leave a station so it might take over and operate the station itself. Mr. Gannon has raised several other inaccuracies and distortions that I feel obliged to call to your readers' attention.

(*1*) Mr. Gannon alleges that "Gulf has entered into cartel agreements with other multinational oil companies" and charges us with "manipulating successfully the world oil economy." These patently false statements demonstrate Mr. Gannon's malice toward and naïveté about the international oil industry. The fact is that Gulf's overseas involvement has been extremely limited since 1975 when our two major foreign producing properties in Kuwait and Venezuela were nationalized. Consequently, we have little to say about the price, production levels or delivery schedules of OPEC crude oil. In the United States, the price of crude oil and gasoline has been under Government controls since 1971, and the entire industry has been hamstrung by layer upon layer of Government regulations.

(*2*) Gulf is credited with trying a "crude power play" as "one of television's major advertisers." The fact is that since 1973 our network television advertising expenditures on NBC were only $4.6 million and our total network advertising expenditures for that period were $13.4 million. Considering that many companies often spend several hundred million dollars each year on network television, I question whether Gulf has much "power" to influence NBC executives.

(*3*) Finally, Mr. Gannon alleges that we "tried intimidation at NBC—behind closed doors, cut off from the light of public scrutiny . . . to squelch" shows like his. Our approach to NBC management regarding the *Weekend* program was neither intimidating nor nefarious. We openly complained to NBC—as any organization has a right to do—in an attempt to encourage more accurate reporting in the future. Such meetings are held between media management and outside organizations every day.

I do appreciate your giving us this opportunity to present Gulf's position on the issues raised by Mr. Gannon. I think it's important that during these critical times in our nation's energy history, the channels of communications be kept open at all levels. Thank you.

William E. Moffett
Vice President, Gulf Oil Corporation

New York City

That "Gulf has entered into cartel arrangements with other multinational oil companies" is a matter of historical record. Gulf was a signatory in the early 1930s with other majors to the so-called Heads of Agreement for Distribution to restrict competition, and participated as one of the "Seven Sisters" in worldwide anticompetitive supply and marketing arrangements from that time through the 1960s. All of which is documented by the Federal Trade Commission and the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, and repeated many times in books and journals. That the private cartel gave way to the OPEC cartel in the early 1970s does not negate the accuracy of that statement.

From "rehashing" that history I felt secure in the more subjective comment, also accurate, that Gulf was "manipulating successfully the world oil market" while it was making political payoffs in the 1960s and early 1970s. The other alleged "inaccuracies and distortions" are matters of interpretation. Obviously, Mr. Moffett and I have a different view of the meeting at NBC. News executives do not meet with advertisers like that "every day," and I doubt there has ever been a meeting that featured anything as incredible as the Gulf rebuttal film. Two more comments briefly: the quality of information, not friendship, is the basis for story selection; and I am not waging a "personal vendetta" against Gulf—I don't have the time. *James Gannon*

EFFECTIVE EDITORIAL

Berkeley, Calif.

We thought you and our fellow *Nation* devotees would enjoy knowing how important Aryeh Neier's editorial "Rape at Home" [*The Nation*, Jan. 20, 1979] was.

Our bill to make marital rape a crime in California has just now taken effect, January 1, 1980, but on the dark day of his wonderful editorial we had not yet found a sponsor, and the media was viciously ridiculing women. We sent his editorial to the entire Legislature.

New York area readers are invited to a forum on marital rape by the New York County Lawyers Association Committee on Law, Psychiatry and Psychology on February 7, starting at 5:30 P.M., at 14 Vesey Street, New York City. *Laura X, President*
Women's History Research Center Inc.

TABLE TROUBLE TOO

Hayesville, N.C.

I read with great empathy Fred Powledge's article on asbestos in hand-held hair dryers ["The Asbestos Pistol," *The Nation*, Jan. 5-12]. The author reflected the anger and frustration of us all who are at the mercy of cancer-causing substances carelessly introduced into our lives.

I would like to add that I, who felt quite smug with my table-model dryer (Lady Schick #317) when the news of asbestos hit us last March, have recently learned from Consumer Products that my dryer also contains asbestos. I am angered that the hand-held blow dryers were given all the publicity, while millions of Americans continued blissfully to sit under the table models. Maybe this letter will alert others to this unpublicized hazard. *Janice T. Moore*

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EDITORIALS.

Lost Chance?

As the ordeal of the hostages drags on day after day with no end in sight, editorial opinion around the country seems divided between those who praise the President's statesmanlike restraint and the jingoists who propose military or some other precipitous intervention. The liberal wing of the establishment press praises Carter's "restraint," while pundits of *Realpolitik* like Joseph Kraft, George Will and William Safire call for more American military and covert-intelligence intervention in the Third World.

Although both schools of opinion pay lip service to the ultimate safe return of the hostages, few bother to distinguish between that worthy goal and the need to save an ill-defined national honor. Thus, the issue becomes whether or not the United States should apply further economic or even military pressure on Iran. Is this really the only choice? Since the media appear to have abandoned all critical scrutiny of the Administration's decision-making process, it is hard to tell.

The reporting on the most recent Iranian initiative to the United Nations is a case in point. On Friday, January 11, it was reported that the Carter Administration had postponed for twenty-four hours its request for a vote in the U.N. Security Council on the imposition of economic sanctions against Iran because of a new offer from Teheran. The Administration was said to be skeptical of the new Iranian proposal, but wanted one more day to evaluate it. The next day Carter peremptorily dismissed the initiative and demanded a Security Council vote.

The press never bothered to investigate the details of the Iranian overture—which we have learned was regarded by some officials in the State Department as a major step forward. The Iranian Ambassador to the U.N., Mansour Farhang, had proposed that a five-member delegation from the United Nations should go to Teheran and investigate whether the evidence available would justify extradition of

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the Shah under the "common law" interpretation of international extradition. The delegation would then return with a recommendation to be voted on by the U.N. General Assembly. At this point the American hostages would be released.

The package seems at least worthy of consideration, if only because it reportedly had the backing of Ayatollah Khomeini himself and thus for the first time there was an official indication that the Iranians would accept an airing of their grievances in a U.N. forum as grounds for releasing the hostages.

Why did Carter dismiss the initiative after only one day? We cannot tell because the press hasn't bothered to do the kind of digging which ought to be standard practice. Shouldn't the press report on behind-the-scenes opposition to an important policy decision? Shouldn't the press ask whether any officials in the State Department or the White House favored a more serious weighing of the new Iranian initiative? Instead, our editorial writers have blandly accepted Carter's consistent policy of ruling out any solution involving an investigation of the Iranian grievances against the Shah and the United States prior to release of the hostages. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance has on a number of occasions stated that the United States would not obstruct an international investigation after the release of the hostages. But why couldn't an investigation of the Shah's crimes begin now? Is a principle at stake, and if so what is it? Are domestic political considerations now taking priority in the Administration's policy toward Iran? Is the Administration unwilling to risk any solution that would allow Iran to salvage its own national honor? Why isn't our press asking these questions?

Bankrolling Zia

The real disaster in Southwest Asia may be just beginning. The focal point is not Iran or Afghanistan; it is Pakistan and the military tyranny in that country which the United States is now rushing to bolster. Prior to the Afghan crisis, Generals Mohammed Zia ul-Haq and Mohammed Chisti, dominant figures in Pakistan's ruling junta, were reported to be in a state of near panic attributable to a fear that disaster was closing in on them. Deliverance has now come from the White House. In the name of facing down the Soviet Union, Jimmy Carter and his Washington entourage will bail out, financially and politically, one of the crudest, most repressive regimes in Asia.

Only last November, the country's financial problems had reached the danger point; foreign governments and commercial bank lenders were showing great reluctance to rescue Pakistan from a $574 million foreign exchange gap. The $300 million that Islamabad urgently needed under the rescheduling of a previous loan also looked dicey. The creditors' reluctance reflected a widespread view that the military junta's interim political lease was about to expire. Even the Saudi Arabians, wh hah of Iran as Pakistan's principal begun openly to express their disen Zia's fiscal probity. The diversion st-free loan by Saudi Arabia, inter slamic Charity Fund, into paying off a tan's foreign debt was particularly g ioney men. In early November, Zia, t n the junta, also postponed elections ailed sufficiently to emasculate his o aki- stanis, the growing unpopularity had become the overriding fact of da

After seizing power from Pr Ali Bhutto in July 1977, General Zi in ninety days. Realizing, howeve n the promised elections his rev masterminded Bhutto's executic erative judiciary. Bhutto was hanged on April 4, 1979. Whatever the excesses of his regime—and there were many—Zia ul-Haq's dictatorship has outstripped them during his thirty months in power. There have been more than 500 executions and thousands of arrests on political charges. Public floggings of political opponents and critical journalists—a form of repression never resorted to in the previous three decades of Pakistan's existence—have become standard practice. In early December 1979, the military authorities imposed strict press censorship. Newspapers in Karachi and Islamabad displayed long blank white spaces on their front and interior pages, where military censors had torn away "dangerous" news. On December 13, one of the best-known Pakistani journalists, Salamat Ali, resident correspondent of *The Far Eastern Economic Review*, was arrested at midnight and thrown into prison for having written an article about mounting trouble in Pakistan's Baluchistan Province.

This is the regime Jimmy Carter is rushing to save with the offer of $400 million in economic and military aid. Such an enormous infusion of money could well set Pakistan's political course for the next half decade. (Pakistan's last aid bonanza—$538 million in long-term credits—was granted in June 1974 by its then main benefactor, the Shah.) More than half of the new American aid will be military supplies. Given Pakistan's past use of U.S. arms, this does not bode well for those opposed to the Government. Twice during the past decade guns and ammunition supplied by the United States were used by the Pakistani Army with great brutality—not against external aggression but against its own people. In March 1971, after the Pakistani military authorities refused to accept the results of a democratic election that would have made East Pakistan's Sheik Mujibur Rahman Prime Minister of all Pakistan, the army cracked down in East Bengal, driving the country into civil war and Bangladesh into independence. There were a million casualties. In 1973, at the urging of the Shah of Iran, the Pakistani Army went into operation in its westernmost province, Baluchistan, after the elected provincial government had been summarily dismissed by the central authorities. A four-year civil war ensued which turned the entire province into a

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virtual free-fire zone with thousands of civilian casualties.

The peculiar irony of the current crisis in Southwest Asia is that several top officials both in the United States and in Pakistan who are advocating a buildup along Pakistan's border with Afghanistan and a renewal of Central Intelligence Agency-backed covert operations through the various Afghan exile groups are the same men who were responsible for some of the worst American foreign policy debacles in the region. The architect of the new "tough" American policy is the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, Harold Saunders, who began his career as a C.I.A. officer and served as Henry Kissinger's principal adviser on South Asia in the National Security Council. As Kissinger's "right-hand" man on South Asian and Middle Eastern matters, Saunders was up to his neck in deceiving Congress over the Bangladesh crisis in 1971, and allegedly maintained close ties with the Bengali political and intelligence cabal that murdered Mujibur Rahman in 1975. One might have thought that a personality so identified with the "Nixon-Kissinger Doctrine" in foreign policy would have gone out with the dirty dishwater. Instead, Saunders surfaced as Cyrus Vance's right-hand man on the Middle East and South Asia, when he was promoted by the Carter Administration from Chief of Intelligence to Assistant Secretary of State. It is the "left-hand" men who change while the right-hand men, imbedded in the bureaucracy as they are, stay on as the consistent core which directs and advises whether it be the Democrats or the Republicans who happen to be in office. Those who believe Henry Kissinger's influence on this Administration's policy ceased when the Shah left for Panama should consider the persisting presence of Saunders, a durable link to the Nixon era who is now implementing the new Kissinger-Vance policy for Southwest Asia.

Although the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan must be condemned, the Afghanis should be left to deal with it as the Iranian people dealt with their own externally imposed puppet, the Shah—without the opposite superpower cynically intervening "on their behalf." Resistance to Soviet intervention while not becoming a proxy for American strategic designs in the region is the only way for Afghanis to prevent Moscow and Washington from turning their country into a murderous combat zone.

Leash the C.I.A.

In 1974, after a series of exposés of attempted assassinations, secret wars, lethal drug experiments, pimping, bribery and conspiracies against elected governments by the Central Intelligence Agency, Congress enacted a single reform: the Hughes-Ryan amendment, which required that a few more committees be apprised in advance of C.I.A. covert operations, though their approval was not needed. As far as is known, they never leaked word of any covert operation. Nonetheless, the Carter Administration is now citing the crises in Iran and Afghanistan as reasons for eliminating that modest reform.

The most deleterious effect of a repeal of the Hughes-Ryan amendment would be its symbolic significance. It would give notice to the C.I.A. that it is expected to act the way it did in the good old days. The covert operators would have free rein to devise variations on those grand games they once played: manufacturing a poisoned wet suit to present to Fidel Castro; organizing a revolution in Indonesia (too bad the rebels were massacred); overthrowing governments in Guatemala and Chile; the Bay of Pigs; the war in Laos.

There is an obvious irony in relying on the seizure of the hostages in Iran to justify covert operations by the C.I.A. The agency long regarded its role in toppling Mohammed Mossadegh's government in 1953 as one of its great successes. Though those events took place a quarter of a century ago, they inspire much of the current anti-American fury in Iran. It no longer seems certain that American interests were advanced by removing Mossadegh, even when measured by the standards of the Dulles brothers, masterminds of that coup.

Nor does Afghanistan provide a fresh reason for reviving C.I.A. covert functions. No one contends that the agency could have deterred the Soviet invasion. Indeed, Afghanistan demonstrates once again the immorality of such intervention by a superpower in the affairs of a small nation. It has earned the Soviet Union the condemnation of most of the world. The United States has been the object of such condemnation in the past, and need not court more opprobrium by renewed C.I.A. adventuring.

Underlying all covert operations, of course, is a cynical distrust of the democratic process. The governments in whose affairs the C.I.A. intervenes always find out; it is the American public that is kept in the dark. If the public could be counted on to approve intermeddling, there would be no need for concealing it. When Jimmy Carter campaigned for President in 1976, he pledged to end such secrecy. To an incumbent President, however, things look different: it is *his* C.I.A., after all, so he capitalizes on the uncertain international climate to insulate it further from democratic constraints. He should be stopped. As modest a reform as it is, Hughes-Ryan must be preserved.

L.A. HONORS McWILLIAMS

Comes now the city of Los Angeles and a special "ceremony of commendation" in the offices of Mayor Tom Bradley for Carey McWilliams, who for twenty years served as editor of this magazine. Mayor Bradley described the ceremony as "a moment of praise for a career which has, without compromise, embraced high principles and a passionate devotion to the defense of civil liberties."

Now contributing a biweekly column to *The Nation*, the former editor spent the past academic term in Los Angeles lecturing at U.C.L.A. Although not born in California, he lived there for nearly thirty years, so we think we can note that the old saying about prophets being without honor in their native land has—albeit belatedly—been disproved.

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ARTICLES.

ARC OF OVERREACTION

Wrong Moves on Afghanistan

FRED HALLIDAY

Afghanistan is not, as President Carter would have us believe, "the greatest threat to world peace since 1945." Nor, as his pugnacious adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski is quoted in *Time* as saying, is it "a watershed event." It has, however, been the occasion for some of the most undiluted irresponsibility and crass demagogy on the part of a U.S. Administration for many a long year. And the U.S. response—rushing to shore up a crew of petty tyrants and religious obscurantists in West Asia—has sowed the seeds of new international crises in the future. The Russians don't need to do anything to take advantage of their position in Afghanistan to weaken the West's position in the "arc of crisis": they just have to sit back, as they did in Iran, and let the West hang itself.

Looking beyond the confusion of immediate events, we should understand several general propositions. First, the Russian intervention in Afghanistan does not represent any change in international strategy on their part. Afghanistan is a country that has, since 1955, been militarily dependent on the U.S.S.R. It is a country that borders the U.S.S.R. And, since April 1978, there has been a Soviet-backed regime in that country. The Russians intervened because the regime of the incumbent President Hafizullah Amin was tottering. He was responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent people, and incapable of reaching any settlement of the country's problems. No one would have thanked the Russians for not intervening: i.e., for keeping Amin in power. And there is no way, given the international balance of power, that the Russians could have abandoned the country altogether to a triumphant horde of Moslem insurgents, who would, in all likelihood, have fallen to fighting one another for years to come. It was the internal situation in Afghanistan itself that dictated the Russian intervention, a situation which, as I explained in an earlier *Nation* article (see Halliday, "Afghanistan—A Revolution Consumes Itself," November 17, 1979), the Russians were certainly to blame in having brought about. Their desire was to stabilize a situation that had spiraled out of control, not to make some further strategic advance. Russia does not have a detailed "grand strategy," and insofar as it has a single overarching policy, it is what it has been since 1920: namely, to support revolutionary governments where it can. Afghanistan marks no break in that policy.

To be sure, the regional repercussions of the intervention cannot be particularly welcome to the Russians. In Iran it has deflected the fury of Moslem indignation away from where it had, in Moscow's eyes, conveniently been located—on the United States. The position of the pro-Moscow Tudeh Party has been seriously compromised. The talk about the Russians using Afghanistan as a steppingstone is thus strategic whimsy. The last way to have influenced Iran was to invade Afghanistan. Nor are the Russians making some major thrust for Persian Gulf oil. Apart from their production difficulties, they still have the largest oil output of any country in the world—12.4 million barrels a day. And all the rhetoric about "warm-water ports" is overblown. Obviously, the Russians would not refuse an unconditional offer of a warm-water port any more than the Americans would, but they already have such facilities in Aden, and these ports have a lot less significance than they used to have in a premissile age.

At this juncture, the Russians are not planning a permanent military annexation of Afghanistan. Nor will they become involved in a "Vietnam-style situation." The Russians appear to be intent on staying long enough to buy time for the new regime to build itself up, and in particular to reconstruct the army and the administration. They know that the mountain tribes will fight if they think the Government is weak, and will be much less likely to do so if the Government is strong. It is in this psychological-political dimension, rather than in purely military terms, that the numerical weight of the Russian involvement must be evaluated. This massive presence does of course entail the risk of a major nationalist counterreaction, and the Russians are certainly disliked. But they will do all they can, with arms and economic inducements, to build up a strong new Afghan Army, and although the rebellion will take some years to be reduced, the Russians would hope progressively to hand over internal security to this new army while continuing their long-standing supply of arms, equipment and officers. For their part, the rebels would have to transform their whole mode of social organization if they were to sustain a protracted and large-scale war against the Government forces. The reasons why it is not another Vietnam follow from this: unlike the National Liberation Front, which was organized by a political party and had a coherent revolutionary ideology, the rebels are divided among themselves and cannot sustain the kind of military struggle needed to undermine permanently the Russian forces. One cannot help feeling that, beyond the obvious *Schadenfreude* of seeing the Russians in trouble, Americans who use the Vietnam analogy are trying to debase their former foes, to equate the Marxist guerrillas of the Mekong Delta with the ultraconservative tribesmen of the Hindu Kush. If one adds to this the facts that: (*1*) the Afghan mountains offer little cover and are therefore vulnerable to helicopters and fighter planes, (*2*) the Russian supply lines are incom-

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parably shorter, and (3) domestic opposition is unable to emerge in the U.S.S.R. as it did in the United States, then the Vietnam analogy falls to the ground.

Brzezinski has hinted that the United States might offer aid to the rebels. The Russians claim that the West is already doing this, in league with the conservative Arab states and China. Who would the United States be helping if it did? And is there any truth in the Russian allegations? Whatever the brutalities of the Afghan Revolutionary Government, and they have been many, there is no doubt that the guerrillas have engaged in equally barbarous practices—skinning captured prisoners alive, killing women and children, shooting Government supporters on sight. Moreover, whereas the Government has tried to put through modernizing reforms designed to alleviate the appalling poverty of the country (average per capita income in 1977, $135; infant mortality rate, 269 per 1,000; literacy, 5 percent), the rebels have systematically opposed land reforms and attempts to minimize the bride price as threats to their way of life. One of the leading parties, the Islam Party, openly states in its constitution that it will enforce the veiling and seclusion of women. Moreover, as British cameraman Nick Downie, who just returned from four months in rebel territory, reported, the rebels are extremely divided and interested mainly in loot: there are at least nine rebel parties, each quarreling with the others. With a Kalashnikov rifle fetching $1,600 in the bazaars of neighboring Pakistan, i.e., more than eleven times the average Afghan annual income, the rewards of gunrunning are great. Added to this is the fact that in the center and north of the country rebels from suppressed minorities such as the Hazara and Tajiks are now operating: any attempt by the main rebels in the dominant Pushtun areas of the country to reimpose their discriminatory system would only lead to another round of civil war. The people whom Brzezinski is now talking of aiding are therefore primitive fundamentalist Moslem tribesmen, who make Khomeini look like a graduate student at M.I.T.

The Russian charge of foreign intervention is certainly larded with lies; yet there has been substantial foreign interference, and without it the rebellion would never have reached the scale it has. Pakistan offers a haven not only to 350,000 refugees but also to the military training camps from which the rebels operate. Pakistani militia units participated in cross-border attacks in early 1979, and since that time substantial Chinese aid has come to the guerrillas. The Chinese have officers in camps of Sayed Ahmad Gailani's National Islamic Front at Chitral and Miranshah, and quantities of Chinese weapons have been captured from Tajik rebels in the northeastern Badakhshan Province. Iran, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, all rightist Moslem regimes opposed to the Kabul Government's reforms, have provided financial support to the rebels. There is no evidence as yet of substantial U.S. involvement, and the Russian claim that Hafizullah Amin was a Central Intelligence agent is a brazen lie, presumably designed to inflame Afghan nationalist suspicion.

COMING UP: Michael Doyle and Richard Falk on breaking the hostage impasse. Alan Wolfe on how Carter is wrapping himself in an Afghan (crisis).

Nonetheless, the strategic response of the United States has not only been egregious but will in the long run cause serious problems for Carter. The Russians must already have calculated that the bedraggled Carter White House was incapable of proceeding in a businesslike way to put through SALT II and unduly preoccupied by what Moscow sees as a rather trivial matter —the Teheran hostages affair. Incapable of reining in the chauvinism loosed in the United States, Carter was no longer a serious bargaining partner for the U.S.S.R. His provocative handling of the cruise missile affair and his further increase in defense spending made him even less so. Some of the apparent "costs" of the Afghan intervention had therefore already been paid.

At the same time, the U.S. response has led it to reinforce its links with a number of highly suspect allies in Asia who may, over the next months and years, cause it as many headaches as the Shah of Iran. In his *Time* interview, Brzezinski said, "China is a factor for stability in Asia and contributes to great restraint by all parties"—a rather hypocritical statement, given China's invasion of Vietnam, its cynical support for the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia and its military assistance to Afghan rebels. The other allies on whom the United States has now bestowed renewed favor are a group of central-casting despots, none of whom is in the best of political health. President Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan is a religious fanatic, hated by much of his country, incapable of preventing the burning down of the U.S. Embassy recently, and an outspoken admirer of the United States' favorite cleric, Ayatollah Khomeini. Despite large infusions of Saudi money in return for Pakistani military deployment inside Saudi Arabia, no one can give the dapper General a secure future. The Saudis have never distinguished themselves in the field of human rights; in their country striking workers have been beheaded on the spot and adulteresses are stoned to death, and the recent outbreaks of resistance in two sensitive areas—the Grand Mosque of Mecca and the Aramco oilfields—do not say much for their stability. The Sultan of Oman, another proposed ally, is a ruler so arrogant that he dispenses with the normal "consultative" tribal assemblies favored by other Arabian monarchs, has allowed much of his oil revenues to be pocketed by his grasping relatives and associates, and has, since 1971, relied on a secret C.I.A. subsidy to his intelligence service to keep a watch on his British-officered army. A year ago U.S. State Department officials thought he might fall within twelve months; he is still there, thanks in part to the reassurance of new oil deposits, but opposition among educated and middle-class Omanis is growing and rebels in the southern Dhofar Province have recently started operating militarily again. America's final possible ally is Somalia, which has a regime that practices egalitarian social policies internally, but which is responsible for continuing to claim one-third of its neighbor Ethiopia's territory and for fueling a guerrilla war there. It is this frontier that

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the Cuban troops in Ethiopia are guarding; if Carter and Brzezinski want to make sure that the Cubans stay for a long time in Ethiopia, the best way of doing it would be to give the Somali the military reassurance that U.S. naval facilities and new armament shipments would provide.

If anything marks a watershed in recent weeks it is not the Russian intervention in Afghanistan but the myopic response of the Carter Administration. The United States is rushing arms to Pakistan to protect it against a Russian advance that is not in the offing. A year after the ignominious flight of the Shah, Washington is dusting off the mistakes it made in Iran and calling them policy—dispatching envoys to demonstrate support for Zia, the Saudi beheaders and the Sultan of Oman. Two years after the Somali were ejected from Ethiopia with the help of Cuban troops, the Somali regime is getting new encouragement to destabilize the situation in the Horn of Africa. And 17 million metric tons of grain are being prevented from going to the U.S.S.R. in the futile hope of pressuring the Russians through their stomachs while the panic on the world gold markets has benefited one of the largest gold producers, the Russians. The re-election of Indira Gandhi in India has restored an old Soviet friend to power in the region. Above all, by championing Zia, the Afghan rebels, the Saudis and their like, the United States is allying with the most conservative and, in most cases, obscurantist forces in the Moslem world. Faced with this kind of response, the Russians must be wondering if they have not reaped unexpected dividends from their Afghan intervention. □

The R&D Slush Fund

CHRISTOPHER PAINE and GORDON ADAMS

To most Americans, including their representatives on Capitol Hill, the acronym IR&D/B&P is just another unintelligible sequence of letters that surfaces occasionally in Washington's ever-thickening alphabet soup. But to the management and employees of the vast network of corporate military-industrial laboratories in this country the letters represent a hidden billion-dollar-a-year pipeline for military research and development funds that are doled out free of Congressional control. IR&D/B&P provides the seed money for the next generation of weapons—long before Congress or the public have heard about them.

The Pentagon's little-known Independent Research and Development (IR&D) and Bid and Proposal (B&P) programs reimburse defense contractors for military-related research-and-development projects that they undertake on their own initiative. These funds, unlike direct contracts for R&D, are free from the burdensome reporting requirements and Congressional oversight that accompany regular contract research. Over the last two decades, some of the most dangerous new weapons, such as strategic cruise missiles, high-energy lasers, space-based surveillance systems, precision-guided munitions, lightweight fighter aircraft and the B-1 bomber, have all been nurtured in their infancy through IR&D/B&P funding.

Like much of the intelligence budget, the sums devoted to IR&D/B&P are hidden in the budget as components of ordinary line items for contract research, development and procurement. Thus, Congress does not know the details of the programs. Moreover, since the projects are lumped into the contractor's overhead for all military R&D projects, and since these costs are not always audited, the Pentagon itself is not exactly sure how much it is spending each year for IR&D/B&P. In 1978 "estimated" IR&D/B&P costs of $1.24 billion amounted to 11 percent of the total budget for "Research, Development, Test and Evaluation," but 31 percent of the budgeted program for "Research, Exploratory Development, and Advanced Development," the earliest stages of the R&D process. What this means, in effect, is that roughly one-third of all Government spending for new weapons concepts and innovative military technology is neither authorized nor reviewed by Congress. For those seeking to analyze why the dizzying pace of innovations in military technology never seems to slacken, the IR&D/B&P programs are a good place to begin.

Government regulations define IR&D as "technical effort which is not sponsored by, or required in performance of, a contract or grant." Bid and Proposal costs are those incurred while preparing both solicited and unsolicited bids for Government work, including the cost of generating substantial engineering data to convince the Pentagon of the proposed project's feasibility. In practice there are no common accounting standards that clearly define which charges are IR&D and which are B&P. The Pentagon jointly administers the programs, and contractors are allowed to shift their claims for reimbursement back and forth between the two categories. Companies are allowed to recover their IR&D/B&P costs in proportion to the Government's share of their total business. In other words, if 90 percent of a company's business is with the Pentagon and NASA, then the taxpayers pick up 90 percent of its independent research and bidding expenses.

The Pentagon controls these funds by requiring companies whose IR&D/B&P expenses exceed $2 million in a given year to negotiate "advance agreements" establishing a ceiling for such costs during the following year and to submit technical reports on their projects. After the end of the fiscal year, the Pentagon sends a classified report to the Senate Armed Services Committee listing the ninety to 100 contractors with advance agreements and the size of their IR&D/B&P programs. A few months later, an unclassified extract, containing only aggregate figures, is quietly inserted

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Company	Company R&D Investment (noncontract) (1973-1978)*	IR&D Reimbursed by Dept. of Defense (1973-78)	% Reimbursed
Boeing	1110.6	206.6	18.6%
E-Systems	53.4	14.9	27.9%
General Dynamics	159.8	70.0	43.8%
Grumman	255.6	67.1	26.3%
Hughes	N.A.	155.0	N.A.
LTV	145	75.0	51.7%
Litton	340.6	32.2	9.5%
Lockheed	307.7	151.7	49.3%
Martin Marietta	107.4	77.5	72.2%
McDonnell Douglas	812.8	123.2	15.2%
Northrop	173.1	112.5	65%
Raytheon	290.4	154.2	53%
Rockwell	527.1	154.3	29.3%
TRW	228	55.5	24.4%
United Technologies	2030.6	294.9	14.5%

*Disclosure of company research and development investments is extremely uneven. As far as possible, C.E.P. has excluded cash-flow to contracts for research and development under direct Department of Defense contracting, in order to isolate company-sponsored research and development work.

into the Congressional Record. That is the sum total of Congressional oversight of the program.

As part of a forthcoming major study on defense-contractor lobbying practices, the Council on Economic Priorities recently obtained Pentagon data, disclosing for the first time the amounts fifteen contractors received from IR&D between 1973 and 1978. (See Table.) This data reveals the importance of the IR&D program for the overall contractor investment in research work; Pentagon funds covered over half of the R&D investment of LTV, Martin Marietta and Raytheon in those years, and more than 25 percent for E-Systems, General Dynamics, Grumman, Lockheed and Rockwell International.

These figures do not include these companies' Bid and Proposal expenses, which fact suggests the need for further disclosure. Typically, reimbursements for all IR&D/B&P average 3.5 to 4 percent of a contractor's annual sales to the Defense Department, but there is no statutory limit on the level of reimbursement. In the case of a small, innovative firm whose development work is considered an urgent priority by the Defense Department, it may range as high as 10 to 15 percent of sales, according to one industry source.

One such company was ESL Inc., a highly successful California manufacturer of classified electronic reconnaissance systems used by the Central Intelligence Agency and military intelligence agencies. The firm's founder and president before its recent merger with TRW was Dr. William Perry, a brilliant mathematician and systems designer whom Secretary of Defense Harold Brown picked as Under Secretary for Research, Engineering and Acquisition. Dale Church, Perry's deputy for acquisition policy, joined ESL in 1969 as Director of Contracts after a brief stint as a contracting officer at the C.I.A. He says IR&D money was "absolutely key" to ESL's early success. "Some of the funds we received," he recalls, "came from big companies, where they literally gave us contracts as part of their IR&D money."

Not surprisingly, the current ESL contingent in the Pentagon—which also includes Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency Director Robert Fossum and Perry's assistant for program planning, Robert Calaway—strongly supports IR&D. Exhibiting the Pentagon's time-honored penchant for linguistic innovation in describing its programs, acquisition specialist Church says, "IR&D is intended to *incentivize* the contractor, to literally put his very, very best people into something that will make the real scientific breakthroughs that will solve tomorrow's problems for us."

Breakthroughs funded under IR&D/B&P are thus a major factor in what arms-control analysts have come to call "technology creep"—the process by which international agreements are undercut by the steady accumulation of "improvements" to existing systems and the development of entirely new systems not covered by treaty limitations. When asked to cite a recent success in IR&D, for example, Calaway replies, "You can point to some of the reasons why we have the cruise missile—some of these IR&D activities resulted in our ability to develop the basic airframe, the guidance package and many other components."

The American public and the majority of Congress were unaware of the burgeoning strategic cruise missile program until the United States unilaterally declared, in the wake of the November 1974 Vladivostok Accord, that the agreement's air-launched missile ban was intended to cover free-fall ballistic missiles only. The Russians, who only learned after the fact that the Pentagon was developing a new stra-

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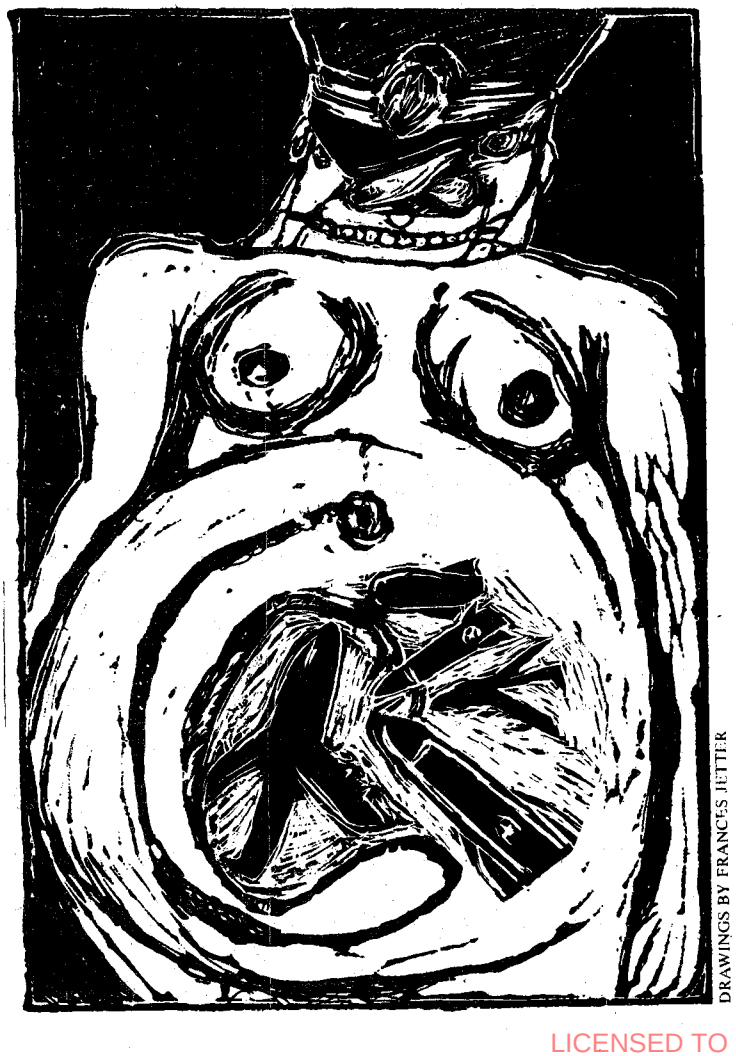
tegic weapon, argued that the language covered cruise missiles. The future of the weapon became a major stumbling block in the SALT II negotiations, and poses knotty problems of proliferation and verification for future arms-control negotiations.

The impact of IR&D/B&P funding is by no means confined to strategic systems. Karl Harr Jr., president of the Aerospace Industries Association of America, argues that this source of funding was used to develop the F-16 fighter plane at "minimal risk" to the Pentagon. "In the mid-1960s," Harr writes, "General Dynamics initiated a program to fill a 'technology hole'—an airplane design combining supersonic speed with the superior maneuverability of subsonic aircraft." This so-called "Advanced Day Fighter" became the F-16, General Dynamics' winning entry in the Air Force lightweight fighter competition.

The other entrant was the Northrop Corporation, whose series of enormously successful F-5 tactical fighters, sold worldwide, was also designed using IR&D/B&P funds, meaning that the American taxpayer wound up subsidizing the private development of a military aircraft destined almost entirely for the foreign market. IR&D/B&P funding also allowed Northrop to design its entry into the lightweight fighter competition, the YF-17. After losing that battle to General Dynamics, Northrop entered into a joint venture with McDonnell Douglas, and managed to sell a carrier-based version of the plane, the F-18, to the Navy. What is more, it developed a land-based version, the F-18L, as the company's next generation fighter-for-export. Such virtuoso salesmanship would be impossible without IR&D/B&P funds.

"It's very difficult to get people associated with either the D.O.D. or industry to say anything bad about it publicly," says Cornell economist Judith Reppy, a leading academic authority on the IR&D/B&P programs. "It is one of those sacred things, like motherhood or something. It's got that no-strings-attached aspect to it that they really love, and the sums of money are really huge. You're talking about $500 million, if you add in the B&P to about ten or twelve companies."



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

The last Congressional attempt to probe the IR&D/B&P programs, during Senate hearings in the fall of 1975, elicited nearly identical testimonials in favor of the existing programs, from a parade of Government and industry witnesses. One of the staunchest Government supporters of the programs was Federal Procurement Policy Administrator Hugh Witt, who subsequently resigned his position to join United Technologies' Washington office as "manager of government liaison." United Technologies consistently ranks as one of the top three recipients of IR&D/B&P payments.

Another enthusiastic Government witness was Director of Defense Research and Engineering Malcolm Currie, who issued strident (some might call them hysterical) warnings against any change in the existing IR&D policy. Currie's devotion to the industry line on this and other issues was rewarded in 1977 with a top spot with his old employer, Hughes Aircraft, ranked ninth that year in military prime contracts but third in total IR&D/B&P payments. Clearly, the chorus of acclaim for the existing policy is not entirely disinterested, since so many who administer the program ultimately end up on industry's side of the negotiating table.

Perhaps the most frequently cited benefit of the IR&D/B&P programs is the claim that they stimulate competition for Federal contracts. Actually, IR&D/B&P funds reinforce the market position of the established contractors. According to Pentagon estimates, in 1978 the top ten contractors received $499.5 million or 50 percent of the dollar value of IR&D/B&P payments made to ninety-one defense contractors having advance agreements. The top twenty-five contractors accounted for 78 percent of the total.

Far from promoting truly independent research, IR&D/B&P funds bias the research of private contractors toward work on military projects. If Congress took direct control over the IR&D program, Currie warned, it might "disincentivize" industry to spend its own funds on projects of interest to the Pentagon, or "at the very least, we would not have access to the rest of that effort and the ability to influence it." IR&D increases the symbiotic relationship between the Pentagon and the contractors.

Another popular justification for the programs—that they are a fountainhead of scientific innovation with broad implications for the civilian economy—likewise does not jibe with the facts. Air Force and Department of Defense reports reveal that 65 percent of all IR&D money is spent

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not on searching for the "scientific breakthroughs of tomorrow" but rather on relatively short-term projects aimed at winning new defense business. B&P efforts, by their very nature, are even more attuned to bringing home the next contract than pushing back the frontiers of science.

The bulk of the innovations IR&D/B&P-funded projects do produce takes the form of minor incremental improvements in many different military technology areas. There is little to distinguish them from advances made under less covert forms of funding. Actually, progress in basic science and innovation in the civilian economy would probably benefit more from the elimination of these subsidies to the major defense contractors, since Government support for technological research would no longer be narrowly confined to military R&D.

Underlying all the high-minded arguments about competition, innovation and the national interest is the thinly veiled threat by the industry to abandon all defense research if IR&D/B&P payments are cut. As Westinghouse executive Thomas J. Murrin warned a Congressional committee, "Any significant reduction in IR&D and B&P funds will require us to carefully evaluate whether continuing our defense business activity can make a meaningful contribution to national defense and an adequate return to our stockholders. I have to say that any severe reduction in IR&D and B&P would probably force us out of the defense business."

As it works now, the IR&D/B&P programs have come to play a formative role in weapons-acquisition policy. A 1974 study by the defense industry of the IR&D/B&P programs noted that "on occasion, contractors have recognized Government needs, and have had solutions for a critical deficiency, prior to its recognition by the Government." A less polite description of this practice is that contractors, in their efforts to get an inside track on new military business, routinely peddle the results of their IR&D programs to the military officials in charge of identifying new military "requirements," and succeed in inducing them to invent a requirement to fit a new weapon instead of the other way around.

"We recognize it is the Government agency that must prepare the 'Mission Element Need Statement,' " observed G.A. Busch, Lockheed's Director of Corporate Planning, to the House R&D Subcommittee last year. "But we feel that industry may be able to provide valuable inputs to the agency as it defines its mission needs. In our company, we tried our hand at drafting MENS ourselves." The Mission Element Need Statement is the key Government document justifying the acquisition of new weapons systems.

What it all boils down to, according to Church, is that the Pentagon "doesn't have all the good ideas locked up. It doesn't even recognize all the good ideas. What program managers may consider the dumbest ideas to come down the pike in a long time might turn out two years later to be the thing that saves their souls. We want to make sure there's enough money left around in the pot to keep the Government managers from making decisions like that. The contractor should have an equal chance to decide what he thinks will be the real breakthrough areas and the real new technologies."

"Sometimes," says the Pentagon's Deputy Under Secretary for Acquisition, "we need to give the contractor a free rein and let him go off and do his thing." Among liberal aides on Capitol Hill, such unabashed sympathy for his cohorts in industry has earned Church an imposing title, "Chairman of the Board of the Defense Contractor Protection Association."

Unfortunately, Church's viewpoint is becoming increasingly commonplace at the highest levels of Government. When combined with the market-creating instincts of defense contractors, it promises to convert this nation's weapons-acquisition cycle into a self-contained, self-fulfilling process. With mounting frequency, it seems, actual threats to the nation's security no longer need be demonstrated before the military-industrial establishment is unleashed to crank out a response. Instead, under the cloak of the Soviet "threat," the Department of Defense encourages the exploration of virtually every technological possibility, and its primary vehicles for generating these technological possibilities are the IR&D/B&P programs. □

The Anwar & Menachem Show Plays Aswan

MILTON VIORST

Aswan, Egypt

Like Broadway theater, the importance of the Anwar & Menachem Show is less what the critics say about it than the fact that it is still running. We have just witnessed the ninth performance since the drama opened with such dazzle in Jerusalem in November 1977. The troupe has since been on the road, playing before audiences in such cities as El Arish, Ismailia, Haifa, Alexandria and Cairo. Here in Aswan, the press notices given to the show have been generally unfavorable. But the principals—President Anwar el-Sadat and Prime Minister Menachem Begin—played their roles with as much gusto as ever and even brought Afghanistan into the act.

They embraced ostentatiously, and they called each other "my dear friend." Of the two, Anwar is clearly the superior showman. His sun-bronzed face seems permanently in repose. And he is marvelously tailored. Pale Menachem, whose heavy-rimmed spectacles add to an expression of perpetual worry, might well have been cast as the tailor. But, with an energy that belies the gloomy prognoses published recently on his health, Menachem flew over the desert to Luxor for an all-day walking tour of the ancient temples of

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Karnak and the subterranean tombs of the Pharaohs; he also climbed about the Aswan Dam, and with Sadat beside him made a helicopter inspection of desert reclamation projects, which elicited a faintly condescending acknowledgment that Egyptians, too, showed "brains" in using modern technology. Even the two ladies—the homey Eliza Begin and the fashionable Jihan Sadat—played their bit parts with enthusiasm. To say that Anwar and Menachem feel mutual affection is surely excessive, but by now they are used to each other, and they share the stage comfortably, making their moves and reciting their lines nearly flawlessly.

If the Aswan performance did not get better notices, at least part of the blame must be laid on the way the Egyptians dealt with the correspondents who covered it. Press relations are clearly an art Egypt has not yet mastered. For four days, the usual battalion of foreign correspondents sat about the decrepit old Cataract Hotel—whose cold-water charm might be remembered from the film *Death on the Nile*—while the action took place about a mile downstream, at the Oberoi. As so often happens, the correspondents were reduced to circulating among one another comments overheard from lower-level diplomats in the halls. The summit ended in an outdoor press conference conducted at the Aswan airport to the accompaniment of jet engines and swirling sands.

It was there that the foreboding of the correspondents was vindicated, for they learned that the deadlock over the key issue of Palestinian autonomy remained unbroken. Yet Sadat insisted to the reporters and cameramen, along with the hundreds of eavesdropping soldiers and security men, that the momentum of peace had been maintained. Egyptians joke cynically that "mo-men-TOOM" has become Sadat's favorite word, taught to him by Henry Kissinger during shuttle diplomacy days. Sadat, for all that he has invested in the peace process, did not try to make more of the meeting than it was. Still, he was probably right about momentum, for Anwar and Menachem agreed to meet again in Israel a few months hence, and the prospects for settlement, whatever the obstacles, remain alive, if hardly robust.

At Aswan, Sadat once again made the crucial concession needed to keep up the momentum. He decided that, with or without agreement on the Palestinians, he would go ahead with the "normalization" of relations between the two countries. Since the Camp David meeting more than a year ago, Egyptians and Israelis have argued whether there was a linkage in their agreement between normalization and Palestinian autonomy, and once again Sadat chose to let the difference be resolved by default. With obvious satisfaction, Begin announced that the two countries would exchange delegations to select sites for their respective embassies by the end of January. He also announced the imminent opening of postal, telecommunication, phone and air links between Israel and Egypt.

Sadat also provided the only "news" of the meeting, by revealing a moderate Egyptian proposal to break the autonomy deadlock. Egypt, he said, would be willing to have any agreement for Palestinian autonomy implemented first in the Gaza Strip, which had been under Egyptian administration until 1967. What he was offering was a Gaza tryout, of unspecified duration, prior to a requirement that Israel put the agreed autonomy program into effect on the West Bank, which for the Begin Government is by far the more sensitive of the two areas. Even to this negotiating ploy, however, Begin reacted cautiously. Perhaps sensing a trap, he said he would transmit the idea to his Cabinet colleagues in Jerusalem. He did not even promise, however, to give it his personal recommendation.

The one major change in Anwar and Menachem's script at Aswan was prompted by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—and both sides were clearly determined to make the most of it. In the days preceding their summit meeting, both Begin and Sadat were heard growling belligerently in Moscow's direction. Sadat, claiming great despair over the swallowing of a Moslem state, announced that he was putting at America's disposal naval and air facilities for any campaign of liberation. He also hinted at sending military equipment, and at training personnel for the Afghan rebels. Being less associated with a concern for Islam, Begin had to be more discreet, but he indicated a willingness to do no less. Obviously, both men have sincere apprehensions about a new threat to the Middle East, but both were also quick to see the political opportunities the invasion offered to themselves. So, from the start, they made a conspicuous place on the agenda of the Aswan summit for what came to be called "regional issues," but which was actually the first issue outside the Middle East that they had ever discussed.

The position Begin took was that the Afghanistan invasion had demonstrated irrefutably that a great Soviet menace loomed over the Middle East, and that it merited getting top priority from Israel and Egypt. Begin's message was that the time had come to forget such trivial matters as the Palestinians, who only sowed division in the common Israeli-Egyptian front. In his prepared opening at the press conference, Begin spoke of "the very tragic, intolerable invasion of Afghanistan." During the question period, he elaborated on this sentiment by saying in part: "The invasion of Afghanistan is one of the most brutal acts carried out in our time. . . . Afghanistan is an independent country, an ancient independent country, a free people . . ." and so on.

No one had previously been aware that Begin held the Afghans in such high esteem, or that he had such familiarity with their geography and history. The correspondents in the audience were irritated by the lengthy statement, which they considered vapid rhetoric and maybe even a filibuster, because in the fixed time available it prevented them from asking more questions. Many of the Egyptians who heard Begin snickered, if they did not fume, because they regard Israel's treatment of the Palestinians as similar to what Begin attributed to the Russians occupying Afghanistan. Begin had looked forward at Aswan to making the Palestinians a collateral victim of the Afghan invasion.

Sadat had a counterargument ready. On the contrary, he said, this was not the time to forget the Palestinians but to settle the Palestinian issue once and for all, so that the states

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HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts prevent this.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint—one that doesn't require any action by the occupant—be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint—a new type of automatic belt—as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

By the 1982 model year, we must begin putting passive restraints in all full-size cars and, eventually, into the entire fleet. But until you purchase one of these cars of the future, you can protect yourself and others by using seat belts and urging your family and friends to follow your example.

At GM, we're very concerned about safety. So please fasten your seat belt, because even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

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in the region might unite against the Soviet threat. In another era, Russia's invasion of a Moslem state would have provided the pretext for an Arab summit. There Sadat, chief of the most powerful Arab country, would have been treated with reverence, and looked to for guidance. Surely, as the Arab states floundered without leadership that week, the Egyptian President felt a certain nostalgia for those former times. Since he put his signature on the peace treaty, Sadat has failed to persuade the Arabs that he acted wisely in his dealings with Israel, and he has been increasingly shunned by the Arab world. And until there is a resolution of the Palestinian problem—which will not take place without a real concession of self-determination by the Israelis—there is not likely to be any relaxation of Sadat's isolation.

In fact, within the circle that includes Sadat and his advisers, Sadat himself is said to be the softest, by far, on Israel. Sadat remains persuaded that he can somehow cajole a policy of conciliation on the West Bank out of Israel. But his advisers, however discreet, are known to campaign persistently for a harder line. At the least, they urge a linkage between the autonomy talks and implementation of the normalization provisions of the peace treaty. A few want to break off Egyptian-Israeli talks completely if Israel makes no concessions on self-determination.

Ironically, the last thing either Sadat or Begin would want —though for the two, Sadat's stake is much greater—is a victory of the Afghan rebels against the Soviet invaders. Equally bad would be a Soviet withdrawal that left the current rebel forces in command. By all indications, these rebels are crusaders for an Islamic fundamentalism which, if not as fanatic as Ayatollah Khomeini's in Iran, is at least as ardent as Gen. Mohammed Zia ul-Haq's in Pakistan. Were the Afghan rebels to triumph, they would in concert with their Iranian and Pakistani neighbors create a huge fundamentalist bloc east of the Persian Gulf. No doubt this was a consideration of the Soviet Union, with its huge Islamic minority, in launching the attack.

But the concerns of the Arab world would be even greater. Such a bloc would be non-Arab, perhaps even anti-Arab. It would be anti-Western and antimodern. It could be against virtually everything Sadat—and, to a degree, all the Arab leaders—believe in for their societies. Sadat, along with Begin, would be happy to have Afghanistan go back to being the hermit it was before the original Marxist coup of 1978, but that is unlikely. Meanwhile, however, both find it to their advantage to inveigh against the Kremlin, in the hope that somehow their common outrage will help them solve problems of their own.

Here in Aswan, Sadat and Begin, each in his own way, looked to the Soviet invasion as the kind of shock that might break the negotiating deadlock between them. It did not work, and unless the Afghan situation changes very drastically for the worse, it is unlikely to work. Some new shock might fortuitously come along, but no one would want to count on it. What is probable, then, is that in due course Sadat and Begin will be forced to turn to President Carter.

Sadat would like to avoid going back to Carter, because such a pilgrimage would be taken by the Arab world as further proof that he is not his own man. Begin, too, would like to avoid it, because he knows that the pressure would be on him ultimately to make the major concessions. Both assume they have ahead of them a year of respite, since they reason that the American Presidency will be too weak during an election campaign to make a powerful contribution in the Middle East. But both have a vested interest—Begin, perhaps more in the peace process, Sadat more in actual peace. So the Anwar-Menachem drama will go on. Yet, as everyone knows, even the best roadshows ultimately must close, and this one will too, unless it can somehow transform itself from theater to the reality of the conflict in the Middle East. □

BRUSH UP YOUR FRIEDMAN

Free-Market Cram Course for Judges

GREGORY C. STAPLE

Over the past three years a small center affiliated with the University of Miami Law School has flown ninety-four of America's most powerful Federal judges to Florida where they matriculate in free-market economics under the tutelage of conservatives like Milton Friedman (who currently has his own series on the Public Broadcasting System). The eighteen jurists who graduated from the two-week institute held at the Key Biscayne Hotel outside Miami last April, like the judges who attended previous programs, had all their expenses (including golf and tennis fees) reimbursed by their sponsor, the Law and Economics Center. The L.E.C., in turn, is financed almost exclusively by private donations, and the approximately $75,000 that it spent to put on the April institute came from a pool of "unrestricted funds" contributed to the center by many of America's largest corporations.

From a variety of sources it is now clear that the L.E.C.'s program, to which at least forty more Federal judges will be invited in 1980, is beginning to affect significantly the direction of Federal jurisprudence. By their own admissions, some of the judges who have taken the course have been influenced by the center's bias against Government regulation. More alarming, however, is the fact that there are at least two instances in which judges who have attended the center's institutes have directed antitrust verdicts in favor of corporations that contributed to the center (I.B.M. and I.T.T.) largely on the basis of economic theories taught by the institute's instructors.

Although not quite one-fifth of the Federal judiciary has attended at least one of the L.E.C.'s institutes to date, the center's new influence raises serious questions about the legitimate scope of extrajudicial input to the courts, the

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ethics of the center's corporate sponsors and the legal obligation of judges to disclose publicly their attendance at the center's activities. The popularity of the L.E.C.'s offerings also points to a deeper problem: the inadequacy of traditional legal rules as guides for resolving many of today's complex court cases. In this respect, the L.E.C.'s success in promoting its own solutions only underscores the failure of other private institutions, as well as the Federal Judicial Center, the Government's own institution for continuing judicial education, to meet the challenge.

The L.E.C. was founded in 1974, "to bring scholarship in market economics principles into public policy decision making" and is primarily the brainchild of Henry G. Manne, the center's director. Manne, a 1952 graduate of the University of Chicago Law School, has long been a gadfly in the cause of corporate freedom of action. Widely known as a George Washington University law professor in the 1960s for his criticism of the Securities and Exchange Commission, Manne has never hesitated to cajole corporations into practicing the laissez-faire principles that they profess to believe in. For example, in a keynote address to the 1973 annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, Manne ended his attack on wage and price controls with the following peroration: "I want to call on the business community of the United States to announce publicly and vigorously . . . that they will not cooperate with the government beyond the legally compelled minimum in developing or complying with any control programs. . . . Do not give even the appearance of cooperation to those who would destroy the most successful economic system ever devised."

The University of Miami Center represents the culmination of Manne's effort to find a congenial institutional support for his personal educational crusade. At Miami, the university provides the center with a physical plant and does not interfere with its private fund raising for the wide range of seminars, conferences and research activities that are carried on by its ten faculty members. During the 1978-79 academic year, more than 100 businesses and corporate foundations contributed $1.5 million to the L.E.C. While contributors included a mix of *Fortune* 500 corporations (e.g., Exxon, G.E., I.T.T., I.B.M.) and old-line conservative groups (the Liberty Fund), a large portion of the money came from the militant corporate philanthropists of the New Right—the John M. Olin (of Olin Chemical) and Sarah Scaife Foundations. In the last few years, Olin and Scaife (a large holder of Gulf Oil securities) together have given more than $7.5 million to academics who share the L.E.C.'s outlook at places like the American Enterprise Institute, the University of Chicago and the University of California at Los Angeles.

What Olin, Scaife, et al. get for their money at the L.E.C.'s judicial institutes is a program carefully designed to make a lasting change in the outlook of those who attend. The sixty-five hours of classes scheduled during each institute provide a high-powered introduction to at least four main subjects: microeconomic theory, statistical inference, industrial organization and the economic importance of property rights. After hours, discussions between the judges and their teachers engender a special camaraderie among the participants.

Armen A. Alchian, a twenty-year veteran of RAND Corporation, now a professor of economics at U.C.L.A., leads off the curriculum for three days, using his free-market survey text, *Exchange and Production*. Alchian's dynamic style was caught vividly in a 1979 *Fortune* article which described his energetic efforts to convince his audience that price discrimination—selling the same product at different prices to different customers—can be socially beneficial even though such activity may be illegal under the antitrust laws: "Racing up and down in front of the fascinated judges, Alchian cried, 'I'm trying to change your view of the world, to show you that what you thought was bad really may not be . . . the price to some customers goes down, to others it goes up, call it what you like.' "

Martin Feldstein of Harvard, whom *Time* recently featured as "the intellectual leader" of the new "incentive economists" (i.e., antigovernment), usually follows Alchian with several classes on econometrics—what you can and can't prove with economic statistics. To make sure this sinks in, Paul Samuelson from M.I.T. often follows up with a lecture on random processes and the problems of predicting economic phenomena. The readings are drawn primarily from statistical studies of the stock market, and one of the main messages is that government regulations frequently have an entirely opposite effect on the public from what the regulators intend.

The latter part of the curriculum is largely devoted to lec-

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tures by Harold Demsetz, formerly a professor of business at the University of Chicago and now chairman of the economics department at U.C.L.A. Demsetz's focus is industrial organization and the role that property rights play in the production and distribution of wealth—a topic on which Manne also lectures. Demsetz is especially noted for his criticism of antitrust laws that penalize corporations solely on the basis of anticompetitive conduct (e.g., market domination) without economic evidence that their pricing policies are in fact monopolistic. "My own personal view," Demsetz told a recent institute, "is that the place for antitrust laws comes with explicit price collusion—and probably nowhere else."

The last day is typically devoted to lectures on inflation and its effect on investment and savings. Milton Friedman, the dean of Chicago school economists, has been a guest lecturer on this topic in the past. And, although it is not required reading, all participants are given a copy of Friedman's tract *Capitalism and Freedom* to take home with them.

Learning introductory economics at the feet of Nobel Prize winners like Samuelson or Friedman alongside other well-known jurists from across the country can be expected to leave its mark, and the L.E.C.'s graduates have been eager to write about it. "I have no doubt whatsoever that I have been influenced subjectively in my understanding and approach to regulatory matters," one U.S. Court of Appeals judge wrote to the L.E.C. Another appellate judge, whose letter is also excerpted in the L.E.C.'s 1977-78 report, noted, "Much of the theory taught to us in your seminar appears to be sound basic economic theory which is being constantly disregarded by the Administration and Congress."

The lessons the judges absorb are reinforced after they leave by monthly mailings from the L.E.C. on economic issues. Recent readings have included two essays on "profits" and a study of the effect of advertising on the price of eyeglasses. A free three-day refresher course for twenty-eight of the L.E.C.'s early graduates and a five-day advanced seminar on economic statistics for fifteen judges were held at Key Biscayne in the spring of 1979.

In contrast to the sophisticated educational program "marketed" by the L.E.C., the Federal Judicial Center in Washington, D.C., which has the statutory duty "to stimulate, create and conduct programs of continuing education" for Federal judges, has not sponsored any workshops in economics. Established by Congress in 1967 as the research, development and training arm of the Federal courts, the Federal center's $8 million annual budget is overseen by an independent board of judges headed by Chief Justice Warren Burger. The director of the center's Division for Continuing Education and Training, Kenneth Crawford, is familiar with the L.E.C.'s program and characterizes it as a "very fine one." According to Crawford, however, the content of the Federal Judicial Center's own programs is largely determined by the judges themselves, and it currently has no plans to offer a law and economics program.

The lack of a competitive economic education program at the Federal Judicial Center has undoubtedly bolstered the educational monopoly the L.E.C. enjoys. Last year its institutes had four times as many applications as they could accept. In the face of this demand, the L.E.C. has favored jurists who sit in districts where important economic cases are tried. Preference is also given to legal realists, who are more likely to incorporate their economic thinking into their written opinions than their conventional peers. For instance, more than one-third of the active trial judges from the prestigious Southern District of New York, in which New York City lies, including Chief Judge David Edelstein (who, incidentally, presides over the long-running I.B.M. antitrust case), have attended one of the institutes. An equally large number of trial judges from the West Coast business centers of Los Angeles and San Francisco, as well as nineteen Court of Appeals judges, have also participated in the L.E.C.'s courses.

Hard evidence that the ideological bent of the L.E.C.'s program is directly affecting the course of justice in America is growing as the number of written decisions by the L.E.C.'s graduates mounts. Antitrust cases provide some of the best examples. "As a result of my better understanding of the concept of marginal cost, I have recently set aside a $15 million antitrust verdict," one unidentified L.E.C. graduate candidly admitted in a letter excerpted in the center's 1977-78 report. And, according to *Fortune*, Manne "points with pleasure" to two widely reported 1978 antitrust decisions in which judges who had attended the L.E.C.'s program set aside jury verdicts because the plaintiff's economic evidence, as they understood it, did not meet the legal standard of proof.

In one of the cases, Judge Spencer Williams of San Jose, California, "fresh out of the center's program," reversed a jury verdict in a suit by several regional bakeries against the I.T.T. subsidiary that markets Wonder Bread. In the other case, Judge Samuel Conti of San Francisco effectively foreclosed Memorex's $306 million damage claim against I.B.M. by directing a verdict for the giant computer manufacturer after a five-month trial ended in a hung jury. Stating that it was understandable that an average jury would have "trouble applying concepts like cross-elasticity of supply . . . market share . . . discriminatory pricing [and] barriers to entry," Conti ruled that Memorex was not entitled to another jury in the event of a retrial.

A primary issue in both cases was whether econometric proof of sales below marginal cost was required to prove predatory pricing—a controversial legal question that can easily spell defeat for an antitrust complaint where, as in the I.T.T. case, the defendant's business records do not readily translate into the analytical categories used by economists to determine whether a product is being fairly priced. Significantly, the President's National Commission for the Review of Antitrust Laws recently came out strongly against making such economic evidence a prerequisite to proof of an antitrust violation when the defendant firm dominates the market. (Conti and Williams were apparently "rewarded" for their decisions by being invited back to the L.E.C.'s refresher course and advanced statistics seminar.)

Most recently, the L.E.C.'s teachings were evident in an

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opinion by Judge Andrew Hauk (a 1979 graduate) dismissing an antitrust complaint which the International Association of Machinists had filed in Los Angeles against the members of OPEC. Although Hauk ruled that the defendants, as sovereign nations, could not be sued under U.S. antitrust laws, he went on to write that, even if the court had jurisdiction, the Machinist union's claim that increased prices for foreign crude oil caused an increase in the prices of domestic gasoline was economically unsound. Rather, said Hauk, government interference was to blame for higher gasoline prices which "once again demonstrates that Federal regulation of the petroleum market has posed a greater threat to the American consumer than any other single factor."

The link between the L.E.C.'s program and the decisions of certain judges raises important ethical questions. While the judicial canon of ethics permits judges to participate in educational programs, the receipt of compensation or reimbursement of expenses for extrajudicial activities may be improper under the canon "if the course of such payment gives the appearance of influencing a judge in his judicial activities or otherwise gives the appearance of impropriety." Thus, the rules require judges to file regular reports of "outside compensation," although reimbursement of travel, food and lodging need not be recorded. Beginning in 1978, Federal judges—most of whom earn $55,000 a year—were also required by the Ethics in Government Act to make extensive disclosures of their outside interests. In addition to reporting their investment income and significant financial transactions, the act requires judges to disclose the source and value of all gifts (other than transportation, lodging, food or entertainment) of more than $100.

A spot-check of the "outside compensation" reports filed by several judges who attended the L.E.C.'s institutes during 1977 and 1978 revealed that many graduates, including Judges Conti and Williams, did not report their free two-week education in Florida. A review of reports filed under the Ethics in Government Act showed that while graduates of the 1978 judicial institute did report the source of their reimbursable expenses, the value of tuition and books provided by the L.E.C. was generally not specified. Assuming the ethics act survives the constitutional challenge recently brought by several Federal judges, the Judicial Ethics Committee, headed by U.S. Court of Appeals Judge Edward Tamm, and the Department of Justice will ultimately have the task of deciding whether disclosures made by the judges regarding the L.E.C. were in compliance with the new law.

Although public disclosure by judges who attend the L.E.C.'s programs should continue to be monitored, the center's success at interjecting extralegal considerations into the thinking of Federal judges is a more serious matter. The recent appearance of economic techniques in legal decisions can largely be blamed on the inadequacy of traditional legal standards (e.g., "public interest, convenience and necessity") to promote socially desirable outcomes. The crisis of the regulatory state is a case in point.

Legal economics seems to offer an integrated perspective on the public and private sectors of the economy as well as provide significant insights into the economic consequences of court rulings in specific cases. It also appears to hold out the hope of finding a scientific or value-free method for resolving social problems. But, despite the academic elegance in which economic analysis is couched, its solutions are not necessarily the right ones for a court.

Law has traditionally been a means of settling disputes in accordance with moral precepts and desirable social policy. Classical economics, however, is, in theory, concerned only with what is, rather than what ought to be. The application of economic criteria to judicial decisions tends to promote a form of justice that reflects the idealized market described in an economics textbook and that emphasizes quantifiable evidence. While this type of *procedural* justice may seem attractive to a hard-pressed judiciary caught up in the clamor for deregulation (see Edward Greer, "Lives in the Balance Sheet," *The Nation*, May 19, 1979), it can too easily lead to the ascendance of narrow commercial values over social considerations that may well have been uppermost in the minds of legislators when they wrote the laws that the courts must apply.

Many Federal judges have little prior experience with complex regulatory issues and should, therefore, have access to continuing education in economics. But to cede the teaching function to an institution that prides itself on its accountability to corporate charity is another matter. Surely we can afford better economic justice than that. □

Connally

(Continued From Front Cover)

More detached observers call for stricter ethical guidelines. Senator Sam Ervin, for example, publicly criticized both Nixon fund-raiser Maurice Stans and Hubert Humphrey for their respective destruction of all pre-April 1972 Nixon and Humphrey campaign finance records. While their acts were technically legal, Ervin was not impressed with their ethics:

> [Men] who have been honored by the American people . . . ought to have their course of action guided by ethical principles which are superior to the minimum requirements of the criminal laws . . . [d]o you think that men who exercise great political power . . . ought to disregard ethical principles and say they have fulfilled their full duty to the American people as long as they keep on the windy side of the law?

John Connally certainly thinks so: His standard stump response to questions about his 1975 indictment and acquittal on two counts of accepting an illegal gratuity from the dairy lobby is that he is the only certified not-guilty candidate in the race.

This is a misleading response, and Connally probably knows it. Recently, in an article by Joseph Kraft in *The New*

Michael McMenamin and Walter McNamara are lawyers in Cleveland and the authors of the forthcoming book Milking the Public: Political Scandals of the Dairy Lobby from LBJ to Jimmy *(Nelson-Hall).*

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Republic, Connally made the broader claim that he should never have been indicted; that the higher-ups were unable to control the "zealots" on the Watergate Special Prosecution Force staff; that the entire case against him rested on the testimony of only one man—Texas lawyer and lobbyist Jake Jacobsen, a longtime political ally and friend of Connally, and that Jacobsen's testimony was tainted by a Government grant of immunity.

The Government's case against Connally contained charges that he had accepted $10,000 in 1971 from the Associated Milk Producers Inc. (A.M.P.I.) lobby as a "thank you" after he persuaded Nixon to raise milk-price supports; that he had attempted in 1973 to cover up receipt of this money by returning it to the dairy lobby's bagman, Jake Jacobsen, and that he and Jacobsen lied to the grand jury about their respective roles. Connally stood trial only on the illegal-gratuity charges, however; the conspiracy, perjury and false-testimony counts were severed from the illegal-gratuity charges at the request of Connally's lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, and later dropped after his acquittal.

Whether Connally should have been acquitted of the illegal-gratuity charges is not a fair subject for debate. He *was* acquitted and that is that. But Connally's new claim that he should never have been indicted because the entire case against him rested on the testimony of one man is another matter entirely. It is a high risk move for Connally because it raises new questions: was there convincing evidence to indict Connally and was it based on more than the testimony of Jake Jacobsen?

A confidential memorandum of the Watergate Special Prosecution Force explains in great detail their decision to seek Connally's indictment. This memorandum and all of the other Special Prosecution Force memorandums dealing with its milk-fund investigations were uncovered in a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit brought by Washington lawyer William Dobrovir, who had also represented Ralph Nader in his legal action in 1972 against Nixon for raising milk-price supports in exchange for campaign contributions from the dairy lobby.*

Not publicly quoted from or previously published until now, the Connally memorandum is one of the longest—thirty-eight single-spaced pages—and a review of it quickly exposes the shallowness of Connally's new explanations in *The New Republic*. The memorandum shows that the case against Connally did not rest on the testimony of one man, although Connally and his supporters have repeated this lie so frequently that it has become an accepted element of the media mythology surrounding his trial. The memorandum makes clear that the decision to seek an indictment of Connally was not even a close call. Given the evidence the Watergate prosecutors had, failure to seek indictment would have been a blatant example of favoritism toward the rich and powerful.

First, there is the testimony of the dairy lobby's executives. It was not the testimony of Jake Jacobsen, the lawyer-lobbyist with offices in Washington and Austin and A.M.P.I. as a client, that first turned the prosecutors' attention toward Connally. Rather, it was the testimony of A.M.P.I. executive Bob Lilly, who frequently served as the dairy co-op's liaison with politicians for campaign contributions, that first criminally implicated both Jacobsen and Connally. From the prosecution memorandum:

> Connally's logs show an April 28 [1971] meeting with Jacobsen. Lilly will testify and his notes show a long distance call on April 28 from Jacobsen asking for $10,000 "for John Connally's lock box" for his help on the price supports. Lilly will further testify that on May 4, 1971, he obtained the $10,000 which he gave to Jacobsen in Jacobsen's office on that day. Prior to obtaining the money, Lilly obtained the necessary authorization from [Harold] Nelson [Lilly's superior] who now confirms this specifically included an acknowledgment that, as he understood it, the money was to go to Connally personally.

Then there is the matter of Connally's credibility. Jacobsen, in accordance with what he later said was a cover story worked out with Connally, denied to the grand jury that he had asked Lilly for money for Connally personally as a reward for his help on the price supports. Jacobsen's story was that he had merely asked Lilly for money for Connally to give to political candidates. He had then offered the money to Connally twice, but Connally refused it. Jacobsen claimed he had then kept the dairy co-op's money in a safety deposit box for more than two years.

When the prosecutors confronted Jacobsen with the fact that the money's serial numbers proved it couldn't have been in a safety deposit box all that time (some of the bills were issued after 1971), he broke down and corroborated Lilly's testimony, admitting that he had asked Lilly for the money because of Connally's help on the price-support increase. Jacobsen also told the prosecutors that at a meeting in Connally's hotel room in Austin on October 26, 1973, he and Connally first discussed the news that A.M.P.I.'s Bob Lilly was cooperating with the Watergate Special Prosecution. It was at this meeting, according to Jacobsen, that he and Connally concocted their cover-up story.

Connally's initial testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee and the Watergate grand jury neatly dovetailed with Jacobsen's initial testimony before the same bodies. When Jacobsen decided to cooperate with the prosecutors, he implicated Connally both in receiving the money in 1971 and attempting a cover-up in 1973 by returning the money to Jacobsen. Connally then changed his testimony in what the prosecutors believed were two significant ways:

(*1*) Connally initially denied that Jacobsen told him that the $10,000 being offered came from A.M.P.I. or the dairy industry. After Jacobsen turned on him, Connally admitted that Jacobsen had told him the money would come from milk producers.

(*2*) Connally testified to the grand jury on November 4, 1973, that he had not talked with Jacobsen about the $10,000 from A.M.P.I. since the fall of 1972. He specifically

*Although the F.O.I.A. lawsuit was filed in 1975, it is still in litigation. It seeks to obtain additional Watergate Special Prosecution Force memorandums other than those dealing with the milk-fund scandals and is at present on appeal. As a consequence, the plaintiff, the Fund for Constitutional Government, a Washington-based public interest group, has made little effort to publicize the milk-fund memorandums that were disclosed.

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denied talking about it with Jacobsen in the last three to four weeks. Connally also testified that the *only* contact of any kind that he had with Jacobsen during the preceding three weeks was on Monday, October 29, 1973, a meeting that dealt solely with a client of Connally's application for a bank charter. But after Jacobsen turned on him, Connally admitted to having had an "extraordinary conversation" about the $10,000 with Jacobsen on October 26, 1973. *This was the same day on which Jacobsen claimed that he and Connally had plotted their cover-up story.* As the prosecutors comment in their memorandum:

> The significance of these . . . contradictions [about the October 26 meeting] is self-evident. There can be little room for doubt that Connally deliberately intended to mislead the grand jury on the nature and frequency of his pre-testimony contact with Jacobsen.

The prosecutors believed Jacobsen's new story was more credible than his earlier testimony and undermined part of Connally's anticipated defense:

> [A] weakness in the case is that it is hard to believe that Connally would violate the law for a mere $10,000. . . . First, it is very unlikely that Connally in 1971 felt he was risking anything in dealing with Jacobsen, whom he had known and worked closely with for almost one quarter of a century.
>
> Second, since Jacobsen was dealing with Lilly, a mere professional acquaintance who was much further removed from Jacobsen than Jacobsen was from Connally, it was Jacobsen who is taking the real risk. It is inconceivable that Jacobsen should in his April 28 [1971] conversation with Lilly distort the truth in favor of criminality by asking for money for Connally personally when it was supposed to be for political candidates.

Jake Jacobsen was not the kind of witness who would normally inspire trust and confidence in either the prosecutors or a jury. He had once declared bankruptcy and had been indicted in a Federal investigation into bank fraud in Texas. He had also been granted immunity from further prosecution in exchange for pleading guilty to one count of giving an illegal gratuity to Connally, which, the prosecutors realized, would cast further doubt on his credibility. Their memorandum reveals why they believed they could overcome this problem:

> The answers to this are the usual answers since this problem is certainly not unique. In addition . . . there are two factual points which apply with particular emphasis to this argument.
>
> First, Jacobsen in his original offer of proof to us did not attempt to "give us" other persons whom he had every reason to believe we would be interested in, e.g. [Harold] Nelson or [George] Mehren [Nelson's successor as A.M.P.I. general manager].
>
> Second, it is clear from what Jacobsen has told us and what we know, that Jacobsen had an opportunity to embellish [on his story against Connally] which he did not take. . . . Jacobsen could have told us he dangled the prospect of personal cash in front of Connally before the March 25 decision or at least that Connally inquired about it ahead of time. Certainly Jacobsen was alone enough with Connally in early 1971 to come up with a more dramatic and revealing story.

In other words, if Jacobsen were lying about Connally to save his own skin, he could have made a stronger story. By tying Connally to the dairy money *before* Nixon was persuaded to raise milk-price supports, he would have made him seem more venal than he appeared in the offhand transaction Jacobsen actually described. According to that story, several weeks after Nixon made his decision, Connally casually asked Jacobsen if some of that dairy money could be routed to him, mentioning in the same conversation his help on the support price matter.

But it was circumstantial evidence in the prosecutors' possession that finally convinced them to seek Connally's indictment. The evidence consisted of Federal Reserve

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records and safety deposit box records. It strengthened their belief in Jacobsen's testimony. It cast further doubt on Connally's story.

Jacobsen claimed Connally had, on two occasions in 1973, October 29 and November 25, given him packages, each containing $10,000 in cash, to establish their agreed-on cover story that Jacobsen had kept the money since 1971 and never delivered it to Connally (the second package was necessary because Connally realized there were post-1971 bills in the first). Federal Reserve records of the bills' issuance dates confirmed that Jacobsen's original cover story had been false, and some of the bills in the first package (and in the second, as well, as it happened) had not been issued in 1971, when Jacobsen originally claimed he put them in his safety deposit box. These same records also showed that the bills in the two separate packages of $10,000 had all been in circulation *prior* to the dates on which Jacobsen claimed he had received them from Connally in 1973 in accordance with their cover story. Jacobsen could not tell the issuance dates of the notes from their faces; therefore, if only one bill had not been in circulation on October 29, 1973, the date he said he received the first package from Connally, Jacobsen's story against Connally would have collapsed. But it didn't.

Furthermore, safety deposit box records in Texas and Washington showed that Jacobsen had opened his boxes just before the 1971 dates on which he gave Connally the dairy money. Safety deposit box records in Texas also show that Jacobsen opened his boxes on two occasions in 1973, immediately after he received each of the two packets containing $10,000 from Connally.

The first occasion on which Jacobsen claims to have received money from Connally was October 29, 1973. Connally conceded that he met Jacobsen that day, but claimed that it was an important business meeting concerning the bank application of Connally's client, Gus Wortham. It was so important that Connally paid Jacobsen to charter a private plane to visit Connally in Houston. Connally's explanation of the October 29 meeting, however, merely served to further undermine his credibility with the prosecutors, as the following excerpt from the memorandum demonstrates:

> The October 29 [1973] meeting is obviously critical in the case. Connally has, from the beginning, attempted to insulate it from the $10,000 and has only worsened his position as a result.
>
> Connally testified that Wortham had asked him about the bank matter on October 10, almost three weeks before and that because Wortham was such an important client he wanted the matter taken care of before his two-week absence from Houston, which was to begin on October 29. This, of course, does not explain why Connally had to see Jacobsen rather than talk to him over the phone, especially since Connally said he did not give Jacobsen any documents and wanted to save time. This then is the first weakness in Connally's position.
>
> . . . Furthermore, if Connally really did want the matter taken care of before he left for Europe because of the past delay, it would follow that he would call Jacobsen after his return to find out where it stood. Connally did not do so.
>
> A second powerful argument supporting the idea that the Gus Wortham application was simply a ploy to justify the meeting is Connally's testimony [to the grand jury] on April 11 [1974] that since he had heard and observed that Jacobsen was not the old Jacobsen, one of the reasons he wanted to see Jacobsen on October 29 was to be sure that he could handle the sensitive matter. In short, Connally wanted to judge his demeanor and not just hear his voice. While this may answer the troubling question as to why he did not just use the telephone, it serves to create two additional problems for Connally.
>
> First and least important, it is inconsistent with Connally's earlier testimony that "the" reason that he wanted to see Jacobsen was to save time. Second, it is at total variance with Connally's own acknowledgment that he saw Jacobsen just three days earlier on October 26 and in fact was sufficiently perceptive of Jacobsen so that he sensed that when Jacobsen offered to lie, he was just feeling Connally out. In short, this "reason" which Connally testified to is a demonstrably false exculpatory statement.

Connally eventually persuaded a jury that the Watergate prosecutors did not have sufficient evidence to prove him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt on two counts of accepting an illegal gratuity. An acquittal, however, hardly justifies the conclusion that there never should have been an indictment. Connally and his supporters should not be allowed to change history merely to serve the convenience of his Presidential campaign. The Watergate prosecutors' memorandum shows conclusively that Connally has only himself to blame for his indictment. If he had not "misunderstood" the prosecutors' questions at his first grand jury appearance and testified falsely about the October 26 meeting with Jacobsen, if he hadn't first foolishly denied that Jacobsen told him the money was from dairy interests, and if he had offered a more convincing explanation for his October 29, 1973, meeting with Jacobsen, the prosecutors' belief in Jacobsen's story might have been shaken. At the very least, Connally would not have also been indicted (as he was) on two counts of testifying falsely to a grand jury about the October 26 meeting.

John Connally never stood trial on those two counts of perjury. They were dropped after his acquittal on the illegal-gratuity counts. But an objective observer could certainly conclude that he was, in fact, guilty of testifying falsely. Since he was never convicted on these counts, however, John Connally can claim today that he kept on the windy side of the law during the milk-fund scandals. It is open to serious question whether Connally's ethical standards during that time were superior to the minimum requirements of the criminal laws. And that is how he should be judged as a Presidential candidate. In persuading Richard Nixon to raise Federal milk-price supports in 1971, because the dairy lobby was "going to spend a lot of money this year in various Congressional and Senatorial races all over the United States," John Connally has given us a sense of the ambiguous ethics which pervade his ideas of what is proper in campaign financing and government decisions.

We all know that Presidents lie to the people. It goes with the territory. From F.D.R. through Jimmy Carter, there have been no exceptions. The real question is—and this applies to Edward Kennedy as well—do we really want someone as President who would lie under oath as well? □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Taking the Literary Temperature

EARL ROVIT

THE HARVARD GUIDE TO CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WRITING. *Edited by Daniel Hoffman. Harvard University Press. 600 pp. $18.50.*

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS: A History of Postwar Literary Opinion. *By Grant Webster. Johns Hopkins University Press. 464 pp. $22.50.*

I don't know if other nations are as compulsively addicted to self-examination as we are, but Americans seem to be constantly shoving thermometers into one or another of their orifices to check their various temperatures. This is probably not a bad thing in itself. We live in an information-powered economy and nobody beyond the age of Sesame Street expects information to be objective, accurate or useful. In recent months we have miscounted our money supply, misinterpreted the degree of stability in several countries which we thought we knew as well as—even as we believed we held them in—the palms of our hands, and made other three-mile-wide miscalculations. Accordingly, an assessment of the current state of our literary achievement rates pretty low on a list of national priorities. Still, and if only for the reason that in these matters errors are expected and less immediately injurious, it's interesting to notice how we observe ourselves as producers of serious literature.

My specific reference is to *The Harvard Guide to Contemporary American Writing*, a collection of independent essays by ten scholars on what each considers the significant trends in American literature since 1945. Edited by poet/scholar Daniel Hoffman, this volume suggests some curious questions, not only in what it does but also for what it doesn't. It does examine intelligently and comprehensively our fiction, drama and poetry, and while there is an inevitable overlapping of coverage, just about everybody who is anybody gets mentioned, vaguely labeled and, occasionally, mildly illuminated. Each essay is thoroughly responsible, judicious, loath to censure and even more loath to depart from the conventional approaches to this kind of literary survey. In his preface, Hoffman insists on the autonomy of the individual essayists (thus precluding the need for a trenchant critical underpinning or overview) and claims that the intention of the book is not to serve as "a data bank for scholars" but rather to "enlarge the readership for contemporary literature." One is properly generous with pious prefatory statements, but I don't see how these can be taken with any seriousness. Aside from desperate graduate students in English (and their number is fast adwindling), I can't see why anyone except a scholar would go to this book. And since it is, in fact, a good deal less than a comprehensive "data bank," the scholar is unlikely to find anything here that he can't get more of elsewhere.

Reviewing *The Harvard Guide* in *The New York Times*, Denis Donoghue faults the book for a different reason. He notes the persistent reliance on thematic criticism in almost all these essays—specifically a critical bent which assumes or discovers the theme of "crisis" behind or within all of our contemporary writing. Suggesting that "crisis" has become an obligatory cliché in definitions of our culture, he is bemused by the ardor with which these essayists take recourse in the functions of the sociological imagination and ignore the field of inquiry—the way linguistic structures are employed for literary effects—which ought more properly to be their field of expertise. I suspect that Donoghue is right in his evaluation of what these scholars actually accomplished and this reliance on social thematics as an approach to literary history may be one cause for the pudding that *The Harvard Guide* tends to be.

Another new book, however, throws a glance on this subject from a different direction, and it is to it—Grant Webster's *Republic of Letters*—that I want to refer. Webster's study, the first of two projected volumes, aims to apply the principles of Thomas Kuhn to the writing of scientific histories of literary criticism. As Kuhn has proposed an etiology of rise, dominance and obsolescence in scientific revolutions, so Webster suggests that an analogous process takes place in literary "revolutions." That a "paradigm" or "literary charter" is proclaimed by a dominant literary personality, that this "charter" is seized upon by talented followers, institutionalized in a few distinguishable "schools" and literary journals, and then disseminated as widely as possible through such influence as these schools can generate. The "charter," in other words, sets up the rules of evaluation; it determines what kind of questions are significant and what works of literature are worth explication. Webster's volume chronicles the rise and fall of the "Tory Formalist" and "New York Intellectual" critical empires—the two contending hegemonies in our literary history between the 1920s and the early 1950s.

Although his promised volume on contemporary criticism is as yet unpublished, Webster's analysis nevertheless illuminates the oddly anachronistic approach of *The Harvard Guide*. All the scholar/critics in *The Harvard Guide* were nurtured on some combination of Cleanth Brooks and Edmund Wilson—as was I—on, that is, a methodology geared to seek and discover tension within either a cultural dialectic (the collision between the avant-garde and the bourgeoisie) or a dynamic ambiguity at the very core of a formal structure. That these themes may have little to do with contemporary cultural reality is apparent in the inescapable hodgepodge of *The Harvard Guide*—essentially a sociological excursion in definition (black, Jewish, women, WASP).

For just as no unifying struggle of values rises from *The Harvard Guide*, so no major writer emerges either. Bellow, Mailer, Updike, O'Connor, Pynchon, et al.—one could conceivably make a brief for any of them—but with the hulking shadow of Faulkner still on the horizon, one is loath to try too earnestly. Similarly in poetry, Lowell, Roethke, Berryman, Ginsberg, and others—fine, interesting, identifiable voices—but the echoes of Eliot, Pound, Williams and Stevens still remain in our ears. One problem here is surely that of the *audience*. It's probably not true that there

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were more readers of "serious" literature between the 1920s and 1940s than since, but such readers as there were then seem to have been more avid, more needy and readier to integrate their literary passions with their social, political and philosophical ideals. One of the reasons that the great Moderns grew so large is that their work entered into the cultural fabric of the country deeply and widely. It is difficult for me to see any natural *cultural* relevance in the fiction of Hawkes or Barth or Barthelme; in the poems of Ammons or Ashbery; in the plays of Shepard or Rabe. And not because their work is irrelevant but because their relevance in a real cultural dialogue has not spontaneously emerged.

And here Webster is particularly suggestive. He argues that it is the literary "charter" which bestows importance on the writer's work, and that that "charter" cannot be arbitrary, self-generated or isolated to matters belletristic. When a dominating charter appears, its power depends not only on the talents of its advocates and practitioners—not only on the "great" texts which it thrusts into the forefront of our concerns—but, perhaps especially, on the range and depth of real immediate cultural problems which it is able to crystallize into a fighting program.

We have, of course, a fair number of contending schools in the contemporary arena. The superannuated vestiges of the ancient *Kenyon* and *Partisan Review* chain gangs, the psychoanalytics, the myth-critics, the structuralists, the black, women and gay consciousness-raisers—each of them offering his, her, or its square foot of esthetics and morality. But a square foot does not an arena cover, and I find myself, like Jimmy Carter, falling back on the word "competent" to describe so much that we value in our current literary condition. Competence is an irreplaceable value in the pantheon of good things, but it is not a pearl without price. It can be bought and sold on the open market. The "great" writer is never captured by the tag of competence; he is too large, too quick with mystery. When a "charter" commensurate with his talents appears, his texts are literally inexhaustible—as full of power and dreadful meaning as a scripture or a depository of radioactive waste. Which comes first—the "charter" or the "great" text—I don't know; as of the moment, however, the question would seem to be one of academic nicety, since—so far as I can judge—neither seems to be threatening our complacency. □

Ideas in Things, Things in Ideas

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

AN EXPLANATION OF AMERICA. *By Robert Pinsky. Princeton University Press. 65 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.95.*

Not the least remarkable thing about Robert Pinsky's remarkable poem is that it seems to defy not only all the dominant trends in contemporary poetry but all the dominant notions—both American and non-American—of what is to be expected of an American poet. The very title looks and sounds like a provocative anachronism, reminiscent as it is of Pope's *An Essay on Man*. As for "explanation," the long-established dogma is that poetry does not and must not explain anything, that its business is to enact, to show—"no ideas but in things"—to move, in more than one sense of the word, "not to mean but be"; and wherever twentieth-century American poetry serves as a model to non-Americans, as it does in many parts of the world, what is imitated or emulated is its vitalism, its immediacy, its instantaneousness. A highly individualistic sensibility also belongs to this image of the American poet, who sits like a spider at the center of a web spun out of his or her own guts. Even if, as with Pound or Olson, this web extends to the past, it is a past of the poet's own selection, if not invention.

Robert Pinsky, who published a distinguished critical book before his first book of poems, is well aware of all this, and of the great risk he has taken. In a comment printed on the blurb of his first collection, *Sadness and Happiness*, he wrote of his "strong ambition . . . to resist the general prejudice against abstract statement . . . I would like to write a poetry which could contain every kind of thing, while keeping all the excitement of poetry." His new long poem—long not so much in the number of words or lines it comprises as in the time span it covers and the time needed to take it in—does "contain every kind of thing"; but those in whom the prejudice is powerful may well find it lacking in "the excitement of poetry." For the three parts of his poem, other than the introductory poem "Lair" and the appended "Memorial," Pinsky has chosen a basically iambic, but colloquial, unrhetorical, flexible blank verse pentameter less close to Pope than to the Wordsworth of the *Excursion* and *Prelude*; a kind of verse that even admirers of early Wordsworth found lacking in excitement, dynamism and immediacy, because its emotions are those "recollected in tranquillity."

In Pinsky's poem this meter acts as a curb to individualism and spontaneity. Among other things, it enacts his recognition that

> Our very sentences are like a cloth
> Cut shimmering from conventions
> of the dead.

To do what he needed to do, Robert Pinsky had to take the risk of seeming to defy and to provoke current prejudices and conventions; but his real quarrel, like every true poet's, was one with himself. In the same piece of self-comment he also wrote: "I tend naturally to write in images and atmospheres . . . the poems try to use statement as a way to get at the profoundly emotional, obsessive side of such supposedly ordinary activities as playing tennis or watching passers-by from a parked car." If it isn't tennis in the later poem, it is a father watching his daughter ride "a horse called Yankee" around the ring. All the details, once more, are quite ordinary and specific—quite as vivid, too, as anyone could expect to find in poems of merely momentary and individual experience—but somehow the incident grows into an allegory, gathering significance from the framework of the entire poem and its search for the meaning of America.

Because this meaning, as it emerges from the poem as a whole, is also contrary to dominant notions and prejudices—for instance, the notion that Americans are not interested in the past, that "history is bunk" and that anything beyond one's immediate awareness is "irrelevant"—Pinsky's seemingly anachronistic meter serves his difficult and subtle purpose by slowing down the

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movement of his poem, slowing down our response to any part of it, and preventing us from jumping to premature conclusions. For related reasons his poem is memorable as a whole, rather than for any purple passage or punch line that would invite quotation as a summary of the poem's "message."

Since Pinsky's search is one for a more than personal truth, and he is wary of a facile self-assertiveness, his poem's message is rarely clinched, for all the seemingly "abstract" statement. So the "explanation" of the title, too, is charged with ambiguity and tension, as the poem itself explains at the very beginning, in the Prologue concerned with the poet's daughter, to whom the whole poem is addressed. Characteristically, the difference between "dancing" and "explaining the idea of dancing" becomes concrete after a few lines, when the poem turns from explanation to "what the Brownies did/Gathered inside a church the other day." Throughout the poem there is a fine balance between explanation and enactment, generalities and particulars of the most homely, everyday sort. The poet even includes a justification for his hope—amounting to a faith without which this poem could never have been written—that his daughter will be able to make sense of a poem that ranges from the Brownies to one of Horace's *Epistles*, translated, adapted and explained in relation to the poem's search for the meaning of America! A passage from Gogol has a similar function in the poem's dialectic. It is by an accumulation of what prejudice would regard as disparate material—familiar or farfetched, with an obvious or oblique bearing on America's past, present and future—that something like an explanation is arrived at; but the America of this poem remains

> So large, and strangely broken, and unforeseen.

A seemingly casual reference to the daughter's age—but nothing is only casual in a poem in which art has triumphed over casualness—tells us that many years were spent on the poem's composition. Those years were well spent. But for an extraordinary patience and discrimination, Robert Pinsky could never have brought off a poem that holds so much in delicate equipoise.

Just in case prejudice should infer from my remarks that *An Explanation of America* must be a learned, academic or egghead performance, let me add that it makes shoddy nonsense of all such categories. Its basic assumption, a democratic one, is that thinking is not, and should not be, the prerogative of intellectuals, any more than feeling and sensibility are the prerogative of poets. □

Give to The New York Public Library

Dr. Fuchs's Hollywood Brother

RICHARD ELMAN

THE APATHETIC BOOKIE JOINT. *By Daniel Fuchs. Methuen Inc. 288 pp. $10.*

When I attended high school in Brooklyn in the early 1950s, Shakespeare and Dostoyevsky were taught to seniors by a small hunchbacked but amiable man we were instructed to call Dr. Fuchs.

Dr. Fuchs had some sort of Ph.D., but I believe, like so many scholars of his generation, could only find employment teaching high school. Rumor had it he was not the only literary person in his family; there was supposed to be a brother, Daniel, a famous Hollywood writer.

One day a movie played in our neighborhood and we all went because *The Gangster* was said to be the work of Dr. Fuchs's Hollywood brother. It was about a small-time Brooklyn hood named Shabunka, and the actor, Henry Morgan, played Shabunka on the lam, as I recall, in Coney Island: a doomed Williamsburgh tough, in grimy blacks and whites. Afterward a lot of kids went around the neighborhood with the name Shabunka from this less-than-a-big-deal-B-picture on their lips; and when we hung out together in Coney Island one of us would always say "Shabunka" to scare the others. I'm not really sure we knew then that the character was only a "type" yanked from a trilogy of highly praised out-of-print novels about Williamsburgh Brooklyn written by Dr. Fuchs's brother; they, of course, have since been reprinted many times as *The Williamsburgh Trilogy*. But when I mentioned to our Dr. Fuchs that I had caught the Shabunka film, he frowned at my slang and suggested I should read a little more Dostoyevsky "judging from what you tell me about your own household, Elman."

The very same Daniel Fuchs has now published a collection of his stories, early and late, and this review will have to focus on the later portions of that book. The early stories, though colorful in the manner of the name Shabunka, seem to me to have been done largely as hack work for hack magazines; and they, too, bear the deformations of their martyrdoms: a pandering to types, a tic of colloquial language asserting itself rather too heavily, at times, like paprika in a cream sauce, and far too many colorful characters with odd streetwise things to say. But this is not the case with some of Fuchs's later, more thoughtful accounts of Hollywood experience through fiction and essay-vignette. Ruminative, observant and gentle, without the caricaturist's meanness, the writer of such

Richard Elman's new novel, The Breadfruit Lotteries *(Methuen Inc.), will be published next month.*

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stories must have depended on memory to look steadily at people and social situations over time; to dramatize the gestures of social beings in a particularly voluptuous setting and show us as process such life as he had come to know.

In that very long account of a Hollywood party he calls "Triplicate" (which reads like the prologue to an unfinished novel, or perhaps the middle section, but satisfies nevertheless by vivid particularities), Fuchs shows us the way lives seem to interconnect in the film business by means of his narrator, Rosengarten, who becomes implicated out of compassion and curiosity in a social evening among some singularly unattractive, competitive people.

Fuchs gives the desperation of failure, the selfish cruelty of a certain type of Hollywood genius and the affability and ineptitudes of the rich host. The rooms aren't crowded, but they're full of surprises: pimps sit down to eat with bankers, and, as we go from room to room and person to person with the narrator, we share in his distractions, his sense of pettiness and intimidation and even feelings of inconsequence. It's a subtle and brilliant piece of narrative —*Deer Park* in a minor key.

But there's something more to what Fuchs was about in these later stories than merely depicting a style of life. A heavily moralistic critic like Irving Howe might consider Fuchs to be the pure fiction writer with nothing more to tell us than what he dramatizes. But in these later stories the pure fiction writer is also apologizing constantly for his own "legend" as the talent who sold out to Hollywood by depicting for us, albeit selectively, what that act involved: nothing sinister, mind you, it involved having friends, knowing interesting people and going to interesting parties, having a nice house, and money, a less cramped life. It really wasn't very hard to swallow. It was a pleasure, Fuchs keeps reminding us, after Brooklyn.

I find this approach as appealing as some others: Fuchs seems to imply that he was liberated, not trapped, by Hollywood, because he no longer had to spend all his time worrying about getting by. Although the ease and luxury Fuchs depicts for us is constantly threatened by meanness and craziness, Fuchs's various narrators and personae always manage to stand at some distance from what is most unsettling; they watch crude, desperate men pinch girls at swim parties and then go home and do their own work.

Nearly every story here ends on a note of nostalgia, a kind of plaint, poeticized and prostate-inflamed, for the good old days when the studios were on top, or for past days of glamour anywhere. At the close of "Triplicate," a failing Broadway producer, who is the uninvited guest of the party, hearkens back to the pretty New York girls on fall afternoons, posh restaurants, the Big Apple *azoy*; but almost every other story is nostalgic about the beauties and seductions of Southern California landscape and people: "To the left were the harbors and beaches, the glinting Pacific Ocean. To the right lay the floor of the San Fernando Valley, and, beyond that, the sullen ranges of the San Gabriels. . . ."

As every writer will tell you who has ever tried to do it, positive experience is much harder to depict than despair or depression, and yet Fuchs tried: "Out on the terrace, old Mrs. Vencie was sitting in her usual place, still going strong. She caught my arm as I passed. 'Look look!' she said, pointing to the city below us, to the thousands and thousands of lights spreading for miles all the way out to the Ocean. . . . 'Isn't it gorgeous?' she said to me. 'It's like a fairyland, David. It's like magic.' "

It's also like a hundred bad movies I've seen of the Hollywood Hills by night, except this is surely the wrong sort of couple: this woman is old enough to be the man's grandma, and usually behaves like a crank. It's as if Fuchs, setting out to depict some aspect of Hollywood private lives, couldn't help borrowing from the movies he wrote to twist them about a little, ass backward. Fuchs is a craftsman, and the way he remembers crowds on the Williamsburgh Bridge Plaza at night during his childhood makes me think he could probably rerun a lot of old movies in his head, as well. The man thought he could finesse his way through Hollywood on talent and brains, and ended up happily enough, I suppose, as he keeps reminding us, but with less accomplished than dreamed, just like so many other writers.

This is also very much Fuchs's own view of the matter, I'm afraid: after knocking out a lot of stories and novels in a big hurry for very little real money in the cramped Depression city of New York (and while teaching high school English at $6 a day which is, I suppose, what they were also paying Malamud to teach math at Erasmus), Fuchs went to Hollywood, failed in art, wrote less fiction, but was a success in life, a good breadwinner—an appealing prospect to most journeymen writers, as I say.

And why he presents himself this way is, in part, defensive, too, because Fuchs kept on writing those stories and novels (and I'm sure there are many he didn't finish) and publishing them when he could, long after he took that well-paying gig on the West Coast.

It's as if you can't read him now without having to refer to the Fuchs legend, and nothing in that legend prepares you for the modest, unassuming stance he has taken toward life in the prose of his later writing. But that prose is finally not convincing except for telling melancholy party stories. The Hollywood types he presents are often so unpleasant that I wondered how and why Fuchs persevered out there. He can never really make a solid case for the "legend" in Hollywood because the grotesquerie of so many of these characters intrudes on his perception of them.

Fuchs always sees more than he can successfully romanticize in any situation. Most such unpleasant people, like Fuchs himself, or his narrators, happen to be transplants to the "Golden West." So perhaps it's fair to wonder, if he had stuck to his guns in New York, whether Fuchs would not have met some equally colorful and thoroughly unpleasant rich people here. □

Two in One

KIRKPATRICK SALE

THE LAST ENTREPRENEURS. *By Robert Goodman. Simon & Schuster. 292 pp. $11.95.*

I think they've discovered over there at Simon & Schuster—or Simon & Shoestore, as they call it in the industry these days—that you don't really need editors to put out books. Get the copy, print it up, shoot it out, hype it up and see if it sells: absolutely untouched by human intelligence.

This book may survive the process because it is written by a dedicated and impassioned man, and because it has something to say. But it has been so ill-served by its publisher that I really doubt its virtues will ever become

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known to much of an audience, certainly not the wider audience it deserves.

I don't mean simply that it seems extravagantly priced for a modest 292-page book, though by the pound it does come out to cost about twice as much as filet mignon. I don't mean only that the preface and introduction have no page numbers on them, or that some of the space breaks are one line and others two or three, for no reason of sense or design.

I don't mean only—though it is inexcusable—that there was no editor or copy editor or proofreader or warm body to prevent such sentences as these (taken at random from just fifteen pages): "Sold under the trade name 'Dakota Maid' throughout the Midwest, North Dakota successfully competes with companies like General Mills and Pillsbury"; "Five of the nine-team Canadian Football League are now community-owned"; "Barry Commoner has estimated that it took five times the amount of fertilizer to produce the same crop in 1968 than it did twenty years earlier." This is outrageous, a true insult to language, and one can't particularly blame Goodman—he is a city planner by profession, and as a writer he's a very good city planner—but one cannot forgive his publisher. They even let him go on believing throughout the book that "entrepreneur" was a verb.

No, the real sin of Simon & Shoestore is that apparently there was no one there to read the book to find out that in fact it is *two* books, ill-combined into a single package so that neither is satisfactory.

The first book, the one that gets the title and occupies the initial 110 pages, is a fairly thin account of the fierce competition among American states and cities—with a total of 15,000 promotional agencies, according to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce—to get corporations to relocate in their areas and, theoretically, to promote economic growth. These agencies are the "entrepreneurs" of the title, and their inane activities, as Robert Goodman amply demonstrates, generally serve to give businesses handsome profits while pro-

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Kirkpatrick Sale is the author of SDS *(Random House) and* Power Shift: The Rise of the Southern Rim and Its Challenge to the Eastern Establishment *(Random House/Vintage Books) and of* Human Scale *(Coward, McCann (Geoghegan), to be published in the spring.*

NICARAGUA: HELPING A FREE NATION LEARN TO READ & WRITE

Only weeks after the conclusion of one war—the revolution that put an end to the Somoza dictatorship—the Nicaraguan people started preparing for yet another. This "*Second Liberation War,*" as the Nicaraguans themselves are calling it, is the National Literacy Crusade.

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viding congestion, pollution, higher prices and very few jobs for the bulk of the citizenry. Goodman marshals the figures well enough, and has no trouble showing that, Sunbelt or Frostbelt, it is the taxpayers who sow (subsidies, grants, tax breaks, services, etc.) and the corporations who reap.

But it is the second book that has the bones of something really interesting: Goodman's ideas about "regional socialism" in America: how the nation might be restructured so as to promote self-reliance within, rather than competition among, regions, with "a combination of individual enterprises, small cooperatives, and regional government-owned production facilities." We do get a hundred pages or so on these matters, and some of it is quite good and all of it provocative, but ultimately it is unsatisfactory because it is too sketchy.

Goodman does not give us, for example, the full-scale analysis, region by region and resource by resource, that would convince us that regional economic autonomy is possible. He doesn't have the space to go into depth on the elements of that autonomy—his few pages on worker self-management, for instance, are terribly spotty and maladroit, simply inadequate either to the subject or to the job of convincing the unconverted. And he is allowed to throw off great generalities and blue-sky suppositions without the hard grounding in facts and examples that even those of us who agree with him need to have.

This second book could have been a very important one, if anyone had taken the time and trouble to develop it—far more important than the first, which could have been turned out by almost any macro-economist. But obviously no one at Shoestore recognized its importance and worked to develop it, no one cared enough to nurture the truly exciting book-that-might-have-been. One hopes that Goodman will take a shot at providing this book himself, doing the gritty fact-gathering and analysis that the subject needs and deserves.

Only, of course, with a different publisher. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Dustin Hoffman is always worth watching. With one or two possible exceptions (Brando, Nicholson), he has more "presence" than any actor on the screen today. By that, I mean that he transmits a dramatic energy which rivets your attention upon him even when he is doing nothing in particular. Hoffman, like a very few others, is exciting when he is entirely passive; walking away down a corridor, he can make your hair stir. It is a kind of theater magic, an effect of being more than normally alive, that is not explained entirely by saying that an actor is well trained, intelligent, serious about his craft. "Presence" in this context denotes a quantum jump beyond professional excellence and it entrances an audience. One envies Hoffman for the abundance of his vitality and is grateful to him for brushing up the texture of one's own life.

So it is entirely understandable, as it was entirely predictable, that *Kramer vs. Kramer* should be a critical and popular success. And yet I think the degree of this success exceeds the significance of the film. It is compelling, but I doubt that it will be memorable. The story is markedly contemporary; many in the audience will have experienced some variety of it or have seen friends go through it. Kramer (Hoffman), married and with a young son, is a rising advertising "idea" man, engrossed in his career to the point of neglecting his family. The misplacement of attention troubles him, but he rationalizes his passion for success by the need to "bring home the bacon." Then one fine day, just when his firm has given Kramer a big break, but one that will demand yet more of his energies, his wife (Meryl Streep) walks out, leaving him to cope with the boy. This desertion by a mother seems inhuman, but we are to understand that the neglect, the being taken for granted and the assumption that she is sufficiently nourished by the spectacle of her husband's conquest of Madison Avenue, have engendered in her a feeling of worthlessness so intense that she believes herself unfit for motherhood.

Shocked and angry, Kramer perforce takes on the care of his son. His job suffers, indeed he eventually loses it (and overnight bullies himself into another almost as good), but he plunges into fatherhood with the drive and imagination he had previously dedicated to his ad campaigns. Once a super account executive, he becomes a super parent, and as the months wear on Billy (Justin Henry) flourishes in the company of his adored father. But then, on another fine day, Joanna Kramer, having "found" herself in California, returns to New York, declares herself fit and eager to resume motherhood and demands the boy. Kramer resists and an ugly custody suit follows. The mother wins, as you would expect if you know anything of the bench's high regard for motherhood, but Joanna finds that she cannot act on her bitterly won right to

TURNING STONES

You see three people fishing
and they are neither men, women, nor children:
what are they?

They are either a man, a woman, and a child;
or three stones, like those we have just turned over.

This stone, the one you have hold of,
is the one a woman overturned,
finding beneath it a brood of rabbits,
the smell of air-wet fur and small heads.
And who can tell of the loneliness
under this one from which a locust
shrills on and on into the hot night?
Tap loose that one at your foot
and hold it up to the ear—
yes, that is the sea, locked in this stone
locked in your hand.
Under this stone we will find a letter:
is it for you?
is it for me?

Marc Salvaggio

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take the boy from what is so obviously his real home. The film ends tearfully, with a Kramer reconciliation problematical, but the boy's emotional security preserved.

All of this is brilliantly done; *Kramer vs. Kramer* grips you and never lets go. Young Justin Henry is excellent as a tough but vulnerable little boy, and Hoffman, faced with the notoriously difficult task of playing opposite a child, found exactly the level of dramatic assertion that maintains his position in the film without overwhelming his partner. The director (Robert Benton, who also wrote the film from a novel by Avery Corman) is admirably sensitive about this relationship and develops the story throughout in tight, illuminating scenes splendidly photographed by Nestor Almendros.

But having praised the execution of the picture, I am left wondering about its content. Despite its title, it is essentially Ted Kramer's story, and on reflection I find I don't believe in him. That is, I believe in the type—I think Hoffman has studied it with his usual intensity and surely he projects it with his celebrated acuity—but I don't find the individual within the type. The film takes place in Woody Allen territory, but whereas Allen convinces me that he is a man who lives there, Hoffman seems to be an actor who has saturated himself in the atmosphere of the place. He scores his points too accurately, creating thus a character who wears all the badges and scars of his kind, but in the end the effect seems calculated. Of course, all acting is calculated, and in some kinds of entertainment (Hoffman in *Agatha*, for example) the calculation is part of the fun. But *Kramer vs. Kramer* purports to be a serious domestic drama, not an ingeniously plotted romp, and in such work it is the inner being of people, not their outward trappings, that counts. Actors who are as expert as Hoffman at "getting up" a character run the risk of losing the person on whose behalf all the study and rehearsing was done. What is there within Kramer that we should care about him? The surface brilliance of the impersonation makes that a tough question.

In this respect Streep is much better, though her part is much smaller. She also is playing a type—the confused, diminished, self-commiserating wife of a man consumed by the need to win—but she manages to inject some flesh-and-blood ambiguity into it. She makes me believe that what Joanna has gone through has changed her. How much or how permanently she is changed I don't know, but at least I feel her as an individual, not as a construction. She is a woman whom I might well prefer to avoid, which proves that for me she is real. Hoffman's Kramer is more attractive, more thrilling, if you will, but that's while he is exerting his magic. Looking back at him, I see that I have met the type many times, but always inhabited by a different person. The person in Kramer never emerges. That is why for me the film forfeits the promise of genuine feeling and settles for easy tears.

Being There is as spooky a film as I've seen in some time. It is also a sociopolitical satire and a tour de force by Peter Sellers. It is quite absurd, utterly fantastic, more than a little uncomfortable—a very nettle of foolishness.

Directed by Hal Ashby from a novel by Jerzy Kosinski, the picture asks a variant of a celebrated question: what would a visitor from Mars think of our movers and shakers, their morals and wisdom, if he were abruptly transported to the power centers of Washington, D.C.? In this case the proposition is somewhat reversed: it is no longer a question of what the visitor thinks—for in fact the poor fellow is incapable of thinking at all—but of what Washington thinks of him. Before the film is over, it thinks of making him President.

Chance, also known as the gardener, has lived all his life behind the walls of a stately Washington town house, now a relic of affluent respectability in a rancid ghetto. On the morning when we meet him, his protector, the owner of the house, has died, and Chance is without a home. Since he is mentally incompetent—he seems more an automaton than a moron—he has never been let off the premises, never learned to read and write, never handled a phone or ridden in a car. In short, he has done nothing in forty-some years but tend the garden (and on the nurture of plants he is both knowing and outspoken) and watch television. He watches incessantly—there are sets all over the house—and that is his only contact with the outside world. But since he uses his remote control switch to change channels every ten seconds or so, what he receives is a phantasmagoria of ballet and baseball, animated cartoons, political speeches, scenes of disaster, ads for detergents and snatches of soap opera. On an audience this kaleidoscope registers as visual pollution, but to Chance it is pleasant color in spritely motion, accompanied by sounds as companionable as they are meaningless. He is a happy man.

And happily he steps out into the street, confident that a garden awaits him, along with the three meals a day that have been unfailingly provided. Not quite so, it turns out, but something even better. Because of a trivial traffic accident, he is swept up by the wife of the world's richest man and brought to a castle set in a park. It must be the only residence left in Washington where a group of four dines at a table capable of seating fifty, each diner attended by a serving man who stands behind his or her chair. The residents of this establishment are Benjamin Rand, the tycoon, a dying man (Melvyn Douglas), his beautiful wife (Shirley MacLaine) and his doctor (Richard Dysart), the one among them who observes Chance with a thoughtful eye. There are also innumerable servants, security guards, chauffeurs, secretaries and the staff of a small, well-equipped hospital that has been installed on the premises to keep the old man alive.

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Chance the gardener fits into this ménage with perfect aplomb. Since he has never been rebuffed, it does not occur to him that he ever might be. He behaves with quiet assurance, answering any question put to him with frank courtesy and impressive brevity. Since, when they met, Mrs. Rand had understood him to say his name was Chauncey Gardiner, since he is elegantly dressed in his late benefactor's somewhat old-fashioned clothes, since he readily agrees with any opinion offered him and offers none himself, it is assumed that his waters run deep. In particular, the moribund robber baron is delighted by his guest's conservatism, not grasping that Chauncey's allusions—for the most part, to things having their seasons and to the importance of preserving roots—are not metaphors but the sole content of the man's mind.

Rand is accustomed to calling Presidents by their first names—and well he may, since he puts them in office—and when the present incumbent (Jack Warden) drops in to consult on a pressing matter, Gardiner is invited to be present. He catches on to the first-name business quickly and responds to the President's small talk with the customary horticultural irrelevancies. But the great man is so absorbed by his own problems that he receives this nonsense as gnomic wisdom and incorporates it into a speech he is giving that evening to an august body, generously crediting Mr. Gardiner for these sprigs of verdant philosophy. Instantly the Washington press is alerted to a new star on the scene and Gardiner finds himself talking for the record to every notebook and microphone in town. There has been nothing like it since Bernard Baruch held court on a park bench.

The sustaining jest—and the stimulating bite—of this eerie film is that everyone whom Gardiner encounters is so wrapped up in himself or herself that whatever the benign imbecile says rings a bell. It works hilariously in social and political contexts; when sex is in the offing the effect is ghoulish. Gardiner, when asked what he likes, habitually replies "I like to watch" (meaning TV). That's fine when the question concerns inflation or overseas restlessness; it sounds very much the elder statesman. But when more intimate proposals are made to him, the result is not so happy. I'm not easily embarrassed anymore by screen shenanigans, but Mrs. Rand's eagerness to carry out what she takes to be Gardiner's voyeuristic suggestion got to me. However, she declares that it did her a world of good.

Chance, renamed Chauncey, is one of Sellers's great spoofs. He is in almost every scene and the essence of his character is that he has none, that he has no interests (save gardening), no opinions, no background (the President, to his wife's humiliation, becomes impotent from vexation at his intelligence corps' inability to produce a dossier on Gardiner). Yet Sellers keeps this incredible figure dramatically interesting by maintaining a kind of vacuous alertness. And the suspense grows as he scoots up the ladder of power. Only perfect innocence can protect him from disaster, but of course he is perfectly innocent. A closing scene suggests that Gardiner is not only subnormal but supernatural, heaven-sent, as it were. It must have been hard to find a way to end this fantasy, but I don't much like that one. It a little spoils the not at all innocent fun of watching Washington drink from the fountainhead of folly. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Though completely lucid in narrative line, Harold Pinter's *Betrayal* remains a puzzling play (Trafalgar Theatre, West 41st Street). Spare in writing, succinct in statement, it hides as much as it reveals. It calls for a do-it-yourself interpretation.

We meet Jerry and Emma in a London pub in 1977, sometime after their affair has ended. They are coolly cordial, slightly benumbed by their present indifference to the heat of their former relationship. On Jerry's part, however, there is still a twitch of jealousy in his suspicion that Emma is now engaged in a liaison with a writer (whom we never see) named Casey, though Jerry himself has several such adventures.

From this scene we go backward in time through eight others to the point of Jerry and Emma's embraces in 1968 where the play ends. The embrace occurs at a party where Jerry is the guest of his friend Robert. Robert and Jerry are publishers. Jerry himself, a married man and father of two children, was Robert's best man at Robert's wedding to Emma. Robert and Emma are also the parents of two children.

The Emma and Jerry affair consists of assignations in a rented flat in an unfashionable section of London. When Emma begins to tire of the duplicity involved in her illicit relationship, she tells her husband Robert that Jerry is her lover. Robert is shocked but admits that he has been aware of the fact for a long time.

The revelation causes no break between the two men. Indeed, when Emma confesses her relationship with Jerry, Robert wonders whether he doesn't like Jerry more than he does her, and somewhat banteringly says that perhaps he should have married him. Emma feels, despite Jerry's assurance to the contrary, that their connection was only a matter of lovemaking (she uses a cruder word), and since Jerry will not abandon his wife and children, their connection winds down. After the dissolution of the triangle, Emma decides to leave Robert, who has also been unfaithful; as we have learned in the play's first scene, she is now Casey's mistress.

Pinter does many things with this plot structure. On the simplest level he indulges in tight-lipped irony about English upper-middle-class manners—for instance, in the routine banality of exchanges apropos the playing of squash and the publishing of books. But the absurdities of such palaver, Pinter implies, are a cover-up for rarely expressed emotions. How genuine or profound these emotions may be is hard to say. They may have withered for lack of manifestation: correct social ritual has replaced reality of feeling.

Everyone betrays the other or betrays him or herself. But since there appears to be so little love or passion here, we can hardly speak of betrayal. Or is their betrayal only the absence of true feeling? No one recalls his or her experience with any vividness. Memories fade and past events which we might assume momentous become as something merely dreamed or invented. Life itself becomes a bleak reverie without substance. If all is not vanity, still all vanishes in a haze. Is there no love? Is there no indelible experience? Is life itself a betrayal? We should remark in passing that the subject or object at issue here is a woman, the most neutralized and thus most betrayed creature of all, as are the two wives who never visibly enter the picture.

Is *Betrayal* a paradigm of the spiritual state of contemporary society or has it a much wider reference? Most of what I

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have suggested here is never declared. Pinter's medium is ambiguity. He diagrammatically traces a pattern of happenings which are shrouded in a veil of questions, questions he refuses to answer because he is not sure that he is in possession of an answer or even that there is one. Hovering over the pleasantries of the play—which is amusing betimes—there is a kind of horror, the horror and perhaps pathos of emptiness, of nullity.

In this respect, *Betrayal* is part of the overall Pinter creation. In craftsmanship there is great and meticulous skill, but in this case the method has become on the whole self-defeating. We are not as mystified as we may have been with *The Birthday Party*, *The Caretaker* or *The Homecoming*, but the new play does not impinge as much on our imagination or senses; it will not haunt us as the others have.

If anything, we understand *Betrayal* too readily and even if we believe in what it seems to imply we remain indifferent to it, for we cannot penetrate to the heart of its shadows. For all the concreteness of its specific environment, all has been rendered fleshless and abstract. And yet it is, after all, more interesting than any of the new plays presented this season!

There are several respects in which the New York production of *Betrayal*, staged by its original director, Peter Hall, differs from the one at the British National Theater. The London cast was, naturally, more authentic and at ease in the play. The Americans evince more personal feeling. Thus, while Roy Scheider as Robert is constrained (through direction) to be as English as possible, his scene at lunch with Jerry, after he has been told that Jerry is his wife's lover, has a hurt and bitterness that brings dramatic vivacity and poignancy to the moment which was absent when I saw the play in London. Raul Julia brings the sauce and charm of his Latinity to the role of Jerry, extraordinary in the circumstances but helpful to our enjoyment. Blythe Danner in the rather unrewarding role of Emma is remarkably right in the confession scene where her inner resentment of the long deception gives way to relief during her calm self-exposure.

The one unmistakable triumph of the evening is John Bury's set. It is the visual equivalent of the play's style with its blank abbreviation of realistic elements, including the scaling down of the scene in the pub to a miniature bar and one table.

The merits of Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine* are inherent in its faults or vice versa (John Golden Theater). It is old-fashioned but some of its old-fashionedness is sympathetic. First, there is in it that tenderness and grace of behavior, associated with well-bred Americans, which have now become almost archaic. We are reminded of a past time and place (a country house twenty miles from Washington, D.C., in the spring of 1940) distinctly more relaxed than ours. To be sure, there is something mythically American in the Hellman picture, more a fictional reminiscence of the good old days of our friendly interrelationships and idealism than a factual testimony. Still, the recollection of what we would like to think of as our way of life then is salutary.

The play's second merit is its celebration of heroic commitment to causes close to our conscience, such as the struggle for a world free of tyranny, as exemplified in this case by the blight of fascism. These sentiments did not seem hollow in the fervid atmosphere of the 1930s and early 1940s, and it is well to sound them again in our age of disbelief.

The faults in these merits are, to begin with, structural. There is so much time given to conveying the elegant and witty coziness of Fanny Farrelly's household (she is the wealthy widow of an honorable diplomat) that the play barely gets into dramatic stride till the middle of the second act. True, the audience revels in the tart and down-to-earth bluntness of Mrs. Farrelly's honest eccentricities, but much of it seems arch. This also applies to the brightness and fundamental innocence of Kurt Muller's precociously sophisticated children (Muller is the play's German anti-fascist protagonist). There is an overdose of sentimentality and cuteness in these scenes, and, while they establish the play's humorous good will, they postpone the dramatic issue.

While this—Muller's return to Germany in aid of the anti-fascist forces and thus to almost certain death—is carried out with a slightly elocutionary staginess and the rhetoric of a humanist-political address, it is still effective with an audience no longer accustomed to listen to and have faith in such loftiness. It was a chord which made the play tremendously moving when it was first produced in 1941. There is certainly a value in hearing its echo now.

The most disappointing aspect of the event is the present production, which comes to us from the excellent Long Wharf Theatre of New Haven. I will not fault any of the individual members of the cast, but say instead that there is something immature, almost collegiately artificial about the collective impression it makes. The actors are not "with it"; they appear ages away from the realities which the play is intended to embody. This is dismaying as well as astonishing since we have seen a number of them in much happier performances.

As a postscript to what I wrote here some weeks ago about Nigel Williams's *Class Enemy*, I feel obliged to add some recently acquired information. Walter Kerr noted that the play had been written under the influence of *Waiting for Godot*: its teen-age schoolboys anxiously expecting a teacher who never shows up. But the play is by no means symbolic in that sense. In Brixton, South London, there are classes with students so unruly that teachers fear to enter them because of their violence. The play is virtually a documentary, so true to life that many Londoners of school age regard it as their voice of protest against the world. □

THE ROOM

Mostly the blossoms drift by, but one day
you stop and look in, and a little
room opens and glows all around you.
The sound of the world goes dim: hundreds
of years tremble and rustle and pass.

Then a person waiting for you calls out,
"Come on!" And that instant collapses
into the way things are. You look back
where the blossoms blow onward the same,
except—there is one that you know is yours.

William Stafford

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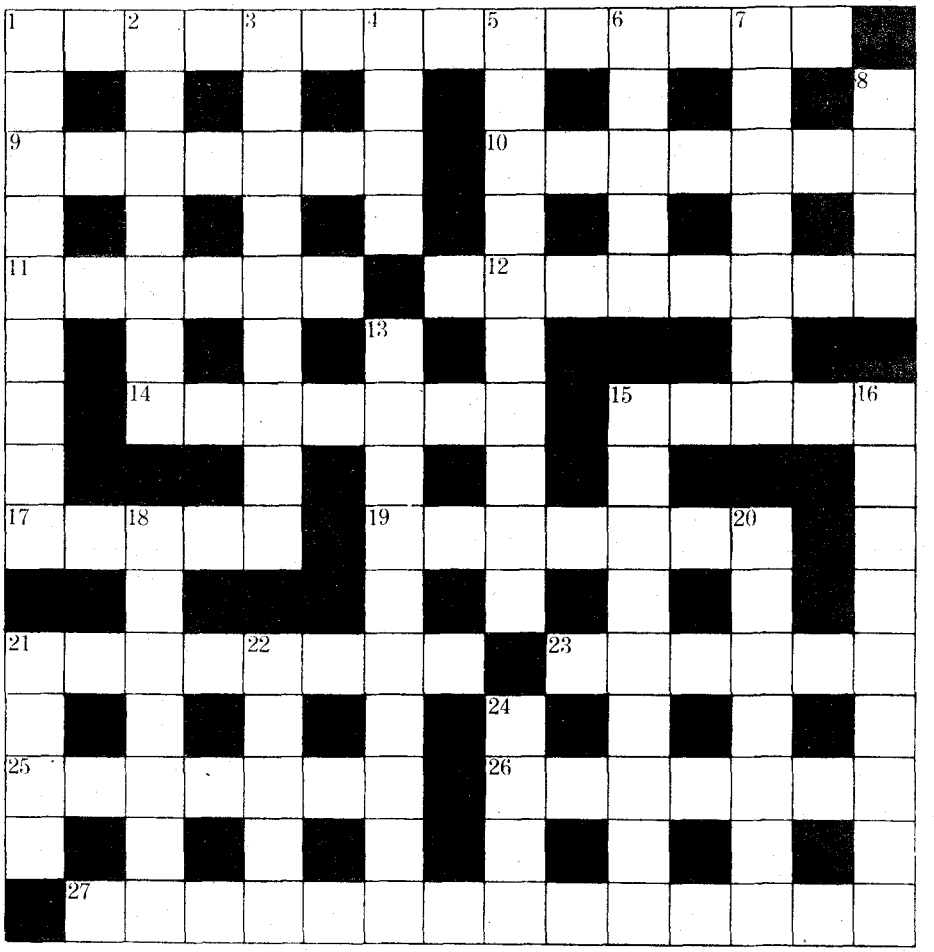
Crossword Puzzle No. 1805

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not had, in a disturbed way? One might be, with flies in August. (3,3,8)
9 Arranged like spokes around a hundred that might be left, as they say. (7)
10 Traditionally those who find guards. (7)
11 In a far from secret manner, only about peace without one. (6)
12 Half-licked when a cry's about what some painters use. (8)
14 Fugal accompaniment at times? (7)
15 The Deacon's Masterpiece was built with a certain amount of it. (5)
17 Such blows are not continuous. (5)
19 Is bringing about improvement in *die Flugzeuge* nice? (7)
21 and 4 down Not a zone of the country where the primarily pure are found with an old-fashioned guardian of morals. (8,4)
23 More than one sounds as though it relates to a certain membrane. (6)
25 Patching something might be going through without the right beginning. (7)
26 The panda reputedly has a lot of energy. (4,3)
27 The Grand Canyon, for example, somewhat pejoratively. (1,5,2,6)

DOWN

1 Is such an experience naturally cultivating? (9)
2 The trial about Amin should certainly be best wrapped up. (7)
3 Was one of these subject to de Maupassant? (9)
4 See 21 across
5 Low batteries might, as the boss does. (4,6)
6 and 22 All very thin for example around it. (10)
7 Like 22, a sort of night that has a leveling effect. (7)
8 Is she a relative of Bebe? (4)
13 Getting drunk on aqua pura? (It won't leak out, if so.) (10)
15 A war-time arrangement goes 50-50 around the final part with comfort. (4-5)
16 With a college girl about, the army peacekeeper allowed this to be finished. (9)
18 One might hope to gain them with rock and roll. (3-4)
20 Island with cordial associations. (7)
21 Pace-maker possibly attached to the coat. (4)
22 See 6 down
24 River bore, possibly. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1804

ACROSS: 5 Product; 9 Refiner; 10 The Swan; 11 Trump; 12, 15 and 21 across See how they run; 13 Scull; 14 Notches; 16 Betides; 18 Thrower; 24 Fugue; 27 Baton; 28 Average; 29 Oxidate; 30 Easters; 31 Tannery. DOWN: 1 and 18 down Burst into flame; 2 Default; 3 Own up; 4 Forests; 5 Potherb; 6 Omens; 7 Unwound; 8 Tangles; 17, 26 and 1 across The Big Bad Wolf; 19 Regrets; 20 Robbers; 21 Tugboat; 22 Rat race; 23 Nunnery; 25 Evade; 27 Brian.

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Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

Well, I feel better than the old *Saturday Evening Post*. Ben, I used to call him—you know, after Ben Franklin. . . .

You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's*. Always muck, muck, muck, *Liberty*. Nice fellow, *Liberty*. "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks*. Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running*. One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People*.

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

Reading. Exercising my mind. I get a lot of good wholesome fresh opinions and nourishing non-doctrinaire radical and liberal politics. Four or five tough articles every week, plus some good hardball editorials that give my conscience a daily workout. Then I top it off with an intellectual cold shower of invigorating reviews of books, plays, art, music, dance, architecture, television, the media.

What have you learned in your 114 years?

One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

That's good advice.

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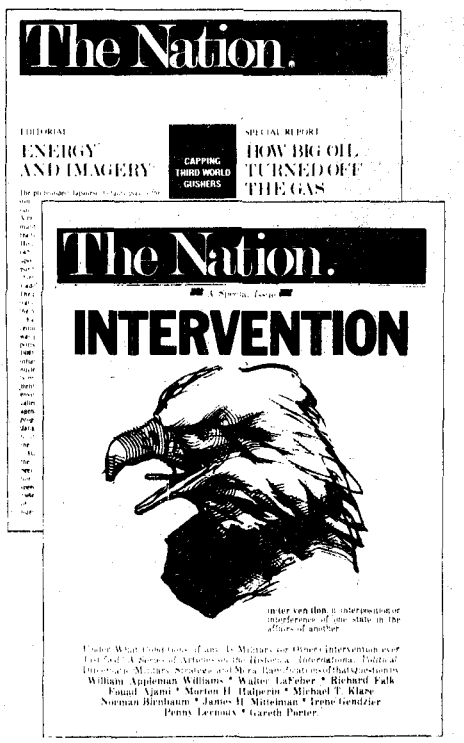
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